NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Communications.

LETTER FROM MR. HIBBARD.

FULTON, Jan. 25th, 1847.

MR. GAY, SIR:—The first time that I wrote to you, it was in the defence of truth, against a letter written by Mr. Kingsbury. I am now called upon to defend my character and truth. On looking over your last paper, I saw a pimp of an extract from a late letter, written by Mr. Kingsbury to you, which was the legitimate production of its father, and uncle, the extracter, in which you say he, (Mr. Kingsbury,) very properly declines any controversy. He feels no uneasiness that any credit will be given to Mr. Hibbard's letter, in that section of country where he is known. What need I say of this man's character, only that he has made false statements, and now resorts to slander. Slander, thou foulest whelp of sin! The man in whom this spirit enters, is undone; his heart is as black as death—his tongue is set on fire of hell—his legs are faint with haste to propagate the lies his soul has framed—his pillow is the peace of families.

Yes, you say, he very properly declines any controversy; and I will endeavour to show the reason. The first letter written by Mr. Kingsbury, the very subtraction of it was, showing how disunion took in this place. He said Mr. Brown was invited to lecture on Disunion. I said he was not. He said there was hand-bills put up in this place, to that effect,—I said there was not. He said the Liberty party had sent for Martin Mitchel, to follow Brown through the country; I said they had not, and now for the proof:

We, the undersigned, are knowing to the circumstances which led Mr. William W. Brown to deliver his last lecture in Fulton, and that he was not invited to lecture on Disunion, and also that no handbills were distributed to that effect.

J. D. BROWN,
J. C. TUCKER,
L. COOPER.

We certify that Martin Mitchel is the General Agent of the New-York State Anti-Slavery Society, and his appointments were published in the "Liberty Press," to lecture in Oswego county, without the knowledge or request of the "Liberty party in Fulton;" and that he was *not* "sent for to follow friend Brown."

G. C. SHERMAN,
IRA BRISTOL, Sec. Co. Soc.
CHAS. G. CASE.

Fulton, Jan. 26th, 1847.

MR. GAY, SIR: Inasmuch as you are an Anti-Slavery man, and I am now under the iron arm of Slavery, namely, slander, in your paper, will you emancipate me therefrom, inasmuch as I have sent you the funds to do it with, and oblige yours,

HENRY C. HIBBARD.

EXPATRIATION.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Jan. 9th, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—Having recently seen the speech of his Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, to the Legislature of that State, in which he recommends that all the coloured people belonging thereto, should be exiled or sent away; and as agents will, immediately, no doubt, be sent from home, and pamphlets distributed from one end of the Union to the other, to inveigle these unfortunate persons to come here—describing the Colony, (as heretofore,) "flowing with milk and honey," I feel it my duty, as a native citizen of "Virginia," and an honest man, to caution them to be on their guard, and not allow themselves to be led away by *flattering statements*, which, on their arrival here, they will find to their cost, as others have done before, not founded in truth; inasmuch as they will see, on their landing, many of their miserable, *deluded countrymen covered with rags, jiggery toes, and swelled legs, asking for charity, or begging the magistrate to give them an order to get into a hospital.*

At the American Consul's office may also be seen both *blacks and browns* claiming the right of being sent to the United States, or soliciting aid, but as his instructions will not allow him to comply with the first demand, being a poor man, he can do but little to serve them always, however well disposed to do so. I am also well informed that even some of the women and youth of the "*Creole*," which the slaves rose upon, and carried into Providence, have more than once called on the Consul, and declared their willingness to return to the United States, if they could obtain any security from him that they would not be proceeded against! Most of these people came here, in the first instance, from "Providence," but I have reason to believe that only a small number now remain, in consequence of sickness and other causes.

Many persons have been led to believe that *blacks* and *browns*, from America, are not liable to fever, &c. but this is a mistaken notion, as all those coming from any of the States to the northward of the "Carolinas," are not only subject to it, but also to *dysentary*, which they seldom escape, and are soon carried to their graves. This latter complaint is said to be owing to change of living and the miserable food, that they are from necessity compelled to put up with; which consists of *yams, cocoas, plantains*, and other indigestible *roots* and fruit, and they are even happy to get that.* As their wages in the *fields* are only from *one shilling and two pence to one shilling and six pence* per day; therefore they cannot afford to purchase *beef or pork*, the first being at the rate of from *eighteen* to *twenty* cents, and sometimes more per lb. and the latter *eighteen*. Mutton *thirty* cents, *veal about thirty-six*, and seldom such as would be allowed to be disposed of in an Englishor American market.

The unfortunate planters, who have in reality been *ground down to the dust*, are well disposed to give higher wages to the labourers, but are so taxed by Government for all their produce they are unable to do so. Independent of this there is scarce an estate in the colony where the people will work more than four days in the week, and, as continuous labour is required to make *rum, sugar*, and *coffee*, the principal staples of the colony, a crop may be greatly *injured* and even lost by not attending to it in due time.

If the people would work, there would be no necessity for the introduction of foreign *labourers*. As it is, none are required in this colony but for the *field*; and the free people in Virginia being mostly *brown, and either mechanics or domestic servants*, they are unfit, and will never consent to *dig* cane-holes, &c. in the country. As to the towns they are incommoded altogether with servants and tradesmen of every kind, the latter may be had, of the first class, for *fifty cents* per day, and the first at $1 50 per week, and women and labourers on wharfs at *thirty-seven and-a-half* cents per day.

Whilst the streets and lanes swarm with idle vagabonds, of *thieves, male and female*, and the Penitentiary is crowded with five hundred felons of all classes, and public jails pretty well filled also; you may, therefore, form some idea of the difficulties *blacks* and *coloured emigrants* will have to encounter when they come here. The planters will of course, who are kind and warm-hearted, be glad to see them, as also *the respectable gentlemen of colour*, but the lower order of *them* as well as *black labourers, detest* our people, and do everything to annoy them, so much so, that my own *faithful servant*, which I brought with me from the United States, is frequently insulted by the rabble in the streets, when he goes out, and is, therefore, most anxious to return to the United States, as are every one of his colour and countrymen in this Island, who has not been obliged to leave there for some *offence* against the laws. As our beloved country is large enough to contain a population of *ten times our present numbers*, and coloured people not prohibited from locating themselves, where they may be employed in agricultural pursuits, should it suit them, or on railroads, canals, and the public works of Government, (as I do not suppose their labour will be refused more than that of the white man,) and making an honest livelihood, in any of the noble States to the north of the *good Old* Dominion, (where all I hold dear in this life remains,) I see no reason why our native population, because they have black or brown skins, but whose love of country and patriotism may, in all probability, equal our own, should be exiled without any just excuse, as far as I can learn, and thrown upon the tender mercies and capricious disposition of foreigners.

I do not, in the least, presume to make any remarks on the conduct, or motives which led his Excellency, the Governor of Virginia, (who I know personally for a man of benevolent feelings, and lucid understanding,) to recommend so many persons to be sent out of the country; here, however, I am sorry to say that his conduct, as also the measures which he is desirous of pursuing in this respect, have been animadverted on in unmeasured terms, as they will be no doubt in other places; though, for ought I know, he may have had reason to justify him, which it may not be policy to publish to all the world.

From the circumstance of my having been compelled, by ill health, to become *a wanderer for the last three years* or nearabouts, throughout the West India Colonies, foreign as well as English, and a very considerable part of my time spent here, I am enabled to speak on the subject matter of this communication (which is as true as holy writ) with confidence, and I shall therefore feel myself under obligation, if you would be pleased, for the sake of humanity, not only to insert the same in your valuable paper, but also use your best exertions to give it publicity throughout the United States. As I have written this while confined to by bed, I trust you will make indulgent allowance, and accept the assurance of my respect and consideration.

AMERICANUS.

* I, myself, lodge in the best boarding-house, and pay $6 per day, and there is not a labourer or mechanic in the United States, but sits down every day to as good or perhaps a better dinner than I do.

SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF OUR GERMAN POPULATION.

SYRACUSE, January 28, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Since I came to reside in this place, my attention has been called to the character and social influence of our German population. I suppose we have about as many, in proportion, as there are in the cities and large towns through which the great thoroughfares of trade and travel lie; and probably a fair specimen of that class of people. Taken together throughout the State, they are much too numerous to be overlooked in our plans of social reform. There cannot be fewer than five hundred thousand Germans in this State. Judging from what I know of them here, they are an industrious, frugal, and well-disposed class of citizens. But they are none of them familiar with our language and many of them cannot read it at all. The adults among them are, with few exceptions, too busy with the cares of life, to give any time to the learning of English, and will probably finish their course on earth, dependent principally, for the information they are to receive, upon their native language.

Now the Germans, like all other Europeans, come to America, seeking a better country. They come with ill-defined ideas of liberty, and the duties of the free—yet, I believe that having borne the yoke, they generally feel a deep abhorrence of Slavery. But knowing nothing of the state of things in our country, they are easily misled by what they hear from the political partisans, into whose hands they fall; and may everywhere be found so using their prerogatives as freemen, as to perpetuate and enforce a system of oppression, severer far than that from which they have emigrated. This, I believe, very many, if not most of them would not do, if they were duly informed of the tendency of political measures, and the spirit of the parties, into which the people of our land are divided.

It appears to me, that great pains should be taken, and considerable expense willingly incurred, to diffuse information throughout our German population, especially information respecting the great evils, which deform and afflict our nation. Anti-Slavery tracts, (several of those that have been in circulation,) might be translated into the German language, and freely distributed; others upon Temperance, and others still upon War. These tracts, if judiciously selected, would awaken their attention, and whet their appetites for a more frequent supply of such matter. This would lead to the establishment of a German paper devoted to these great interests of humanity, which, if well sustained, might become a powerful instrument in converting this large class of our population into intelligent, and active fellow-labourers for liberty, temperance, and peace.

There are two German gentlemen in this place well qualified, and heartily disposed, to do the work I have proposed. With one of them I have conversed often. He is the minister of a small congregation, whom he is endeavouring to interest in all moral reforms. He admits no one to become a member of his church, who does not abjure Slavery, and refrain altogether from the use of intoxicating drinks. This gentleman, who is of an intelligent and earnest mind, has expressed to me a great willingness to translate some of our best tracts—Life of Douglass, for example—into the German language—if he can receive the smallest reasonable compensation for so doing, and have the expense of printing provided for.

I have thought it worth while to lay this subject before your readers, in the hope that the Anti-Slavery Society, or some individuals of our number, may be moved to provide the means to diffuse anti-slavery light and sentiment throughout the German population of our country, who are not reached by our English tracts and newspapers.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL J. MAY.

UNITY OF ACTION.

DENMARK, Lewis co. N. Y.

FRIEND GAY:—I take this opportunity to make another attempt to say a few words through the medium of the Standard.

1. It appears to me to be a pity that the Abolitionists are so divided in their views and action.

2. It appears plain that at this time, the labourers of all parties of the North should be united to sustain the *rights* of the North. It is no time to differ on points. All ought to come to this point; the *interest of the North.* We have slept long enough on the great question of our *rights.* Let the *lecturers* of all parties lend their energies to unite the whole North, and the work will be in a prosperous way to be accomplished.

3. It is evident that by the Union, the free North hold the slaves that are in the compact. If we dissolve the Union, and let go our hold of the slave, (that we have degraded to a chattel,) we leave him destitute of hope—to the cruel mercies of his taskmaster. Therefore, in justice to the slave, we cannot dissolve the Union, until we have raised the slave from the low condition of a chattel, to a freeman, enjoying the rights of freemen.

4. We, the Society of Friends, did not join the Union at the time the *pro-slavery bond* was framed, on account of our *dissent* from the *life-taking doctrines* contained in that Constitution; and many of us still continue to take no political action in the Confederacy, on the ground that we mean to be free from the beast!

5. We acknowledge that at the time the Union was formed, many of the members of our society held slaves! and therefore we could not at that time cry very stoutly against the evil! But some forty-seven years ago, an effort was made to get rid of it in all our borders, and we suceeded in clearing the society from the blot that was on it at that time; and there were some that left our ranks rather than let the oppressed go. Yet there were some that retained the pro-slavery *spirit*, and it has sometimes been seen in these latter days.

6. Therefore, seeing that we, as a body, are not *free* from the *obligation* which *justice* requires of us, to help the slave into the state of *manhood* and *brotherhood*, let us not be weary in our efforts to use all lawful means to persuade every other body of professors of the Christian name, to first liberate all of the slaves within the pale of their own church, and then we can, as one grand phalanx, unite in petitioning the national council, to abolish it in the professed land of the free. Do the professed ministers of the Gospel of love and peace, and the professed people of God, expect that the great national council will be in advance of them in the abolishing of so foul a blot from our Christian and National character? Oh my friends, one and all, let us wash our hands from the *blood of the innocent!* Let us remember that the *blood of Abel once cried to God!* And do the high professors of this age hear the cries of *blood* that are ascending to God from the poor innocent in bonds? Oh that the spirit of God would move upon the face of the waters, and stir up a spirit of holy indignation against the crying *sin* of our *churches* and Government; and create anew the spirit and feelings of this entire nation! Oh then, my brethren who feel and remember the affliction of Joseph, let your *prayers* ascend to God with the cries of *blood* that are now ascending! [See Rev. viii. 3. 4. 5.

7. We, therefore, who profess to be Friends, have no reason to boast; but rather to humble ourselves before God and man; for we have fallen far short of our duty to God and the *poor* in *bonds*! Oh, then, let us arise, and *trim our lamps*, and put on our beautiful garments of meekness and love, that the glorious *light of truth*, and the *power of love* may be felt, and enjoyed, by all, both *bond* and *free* throughout the length and breadth of this entire land! Oh what a desirable state to be experienced!

DAVID WAITE.

1st mo. 16, 1847.

LETTER FROM JOHN KNOX.

PULASKI, January, 15th, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—It is now about eighteen months since the Standard first visited me. This direction, I suppose, it received by your and my friend Abby Kelley Foster. Since that time, I have been its steady weekly reader, except when prevented by sickness, or its failure to make its weekly visit.—This has been more frequent than I could wish. During this long period you have heard nothing from me, not even so much as to know whether your paper was received according to direction, or not. This I acknowledge not to have been good treatment, especially from one who has acted on the principle of separation from both the corrupt churches, and the wicked Government. My principal reason for acting this ungrateful part has been the want of means to pay for the paper. This deficiency of means has grown out of the position I have always occupied in the Church. The way of truth I have found to be the way of sacrifice, the way of trial, and the way of poverty; and to no class is it so much so, as to those who have entered the ministry in our large and popular churches. If, however, we would have the approval of God and our own conscience, truth must be followed, duty must be done, be the sacrifice what it may; and as far as I have seen it, efforts have been made on my part to comply with its requirements. Three years have now elapsed since I excommunicated the Presbyterian Church, as an anti-Christian Church, a synagogue of Satan, and a den of the worst kind of thieves; as a Church that is guilty of idolatry, man-stealing, adultery, and murder of the worst kind. Nor do I believe the Presbyterian Church to be a sinner in these respects above all the other churches of the land. With the exception of the Old School Covenanting Church, I consider them all as guilty of the same deep and damning criminality. Still I am not opposed to church organization, to the ministry, the sanctification of the Sabbath, as is the case with most of those who believe the churches to be thus guilty. These I believe to have been appointed by God, not to uphold crime, as is done by the body of those who defend them in the present day, but as a means to the destruction of crime of all kinds. As a consequence of this belief, after thus excommunicating the Presbyterian Church, I organized two small churches on the principle of excluding those who made and sustained Slavery. Whigs and Democrats we then looked upon as the upholders of the nefarious system, as the Government had always been in their hands. At that time we were a Liberty party Church, admitting none else to our communion. The Disunion doctrines had not then reached us. About eighteen months ago lecturers from the East visited us, and turned our attention to the character of the Government. From these we received several pamphlets, among which, was the able argument of Wendell Phillips, showing that those who wish to abolish Slavery, cannot swear to support the Constitution, or be in connection with a Government that demands its support. This argument wrested from us the only reason that kept us in connection with either the Liberty party or the Government, namely: that God's law is paramount to all other governments. But, as honest men we could not swear to support a Constitution and Government that subverted both the law and Government of God, and at the same time maintain the doctrine of the paramount character of God's Government. An examination of the character of the Government of the United States, naturally led us to look at the character of all other Governments, and the consequence of such examination has been the rejection of all the civil governments on the earth. All are subversive of God's Government; are established on the principle that it is right to abrogate his law at pleasure, and set up an opposite law, or rule of duty. In fact, the basis of all Governments is, to make virtue vice and vice virtue at, their will. But of all the Governments on the face of the earth, the United States Government is the most egregiously wicked; and the Constitution of the United States we believe to be the wickedest compact that has ever been solemnly sworn to, and subscribed by any people. There is not now, never has been, and never can be a covenant embodying such an amount of opposition to God and man, as the covenant by which the people of the United States have bound themselves. These are now our sentiments; on them we have organized a small church, and publicly have promulged these unpopular doctrines, and as a consequence have brought down upon us the indignation of both the religious and irreligious world. None of these things, however, shall move us from our position. We know we are in the right. God and conscience are with us.

We have now filled our sheet, and by the time you read our epistle, you may be wearied in thus having such a detailed account of our particular views. Be this as it may, we sign ourself, your friend for truth and right,

JOHN KNOX.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

NEW-YORK, February 1, 1847.

FRIEND GAY:—The following extract from a letter of a friend of mine, now residing in Kentucky, is at your service to publish, or not, as you may deem proper. The writer has heretofore been an ardent advocate of the Colonization scheme, and somewhat bitter in his opposition to the measures of Abolitionists.

Yours, truly ——.

And now I will treat you to a chapter of grumblings; indeed it would be a very long chapter were I to unbosom myself fully. I do not like my residence here at all. Its disagreeables would be a very long story and a curious one, (tracing them to their black source,) but the beauties of the place, so far as they have fallen under my observation, would not consume much time in the telling.

The superficial and unreflecting visiter to a slave-holding Commonwealth, especially if treated with flattering civility, perceives nothing foul in the streams, the mud is at the bottom, and being politely careful not to stir too deep, it eludes his observation; I might rather say, that he eludes the discovery of it—yet to a man imbued with uncompromising and strictly defined principles, whose feelings, perceptions, and tastes, have been educated to something like delicacy, the impurity shows foul upon the surface of every phase of society; the taint is rank, flagrant, and offensive. I have not yet become rabid on the subject, but I confess I feel symptoms which are extremely uncomfortable. Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad, and what wonder that some should be goaded beyond the bounds of reason and religion. For my own part, I have views and feelings respecting Slavery which I should never have known had I not been thus brought into contact with it: though far from that state of extreme self-righteousness which says to the slaveholder, "stand by, for I am holier than thou." I now feel much greater tolerance than heretofore for the bitter zeal of the most extravagant Abolitionist. I feel acutely the same stinging sense of wrong, which drives them to madness. Never before was I made conscious how deeply rooted was that *intolerance* of all oppression which I inherited from the blood of Pilgrim and Revolutionary sires, and inhaled from infancy in the free breezes of my mountain home.

The kindness with which the slaves are treated, and the light-hearted merriment which seems to prevail among them, (for they are the happiest set of creatures to appearance which I ever saw; they *seem* always cheerful,) does not satisfy me. I cannot but feel for those who are in bonds as bound with them. I can never live in a slave country; the outrage upon my moral sensibilities is incessant and too galling. I feel this wrong as done to *myself* in the person of humanity; and I cannot separate myself from the great brotherhood and look with indifference on its wrongs. The second great evil to which I am subjected here is, *that I am a slave myself.* I speak in earnest; it is neither a jest nor a figure of speech. Freedom and slavery are more incompatible than fire and water; if the one prevail the other must flee. No tyrant can retain his power without rooting out all freedom of speech from his dominions. It is a perfect futility to dream of enslaving one portion of a community and leaving the other free. No man's interests or life can be safe here in opposing Slavery however prudent and moderate he may be.

Understand, however, that were I a Kentuckian, and called by the providence of God to dwell and act my part here, I would not consent to be a slave, as I now do for a time. Slavery would find in me a deadly antagonist who would give it no ease while life remained. As it is, I feel it my duty to suffer in silence and not to involve myself and friends in difficulty and loss by running a tilt against an evil which Providence has not called me to combat. A generous hospitality and welcome to strangers is the boast of slaveholding States in general. But is it just? How much credit do you give the spendthrift heir of a large estate for the profusion with which he scatters his wealth? You say it is no wonder and no virtue—having never earned money he knows not its value. Thus it is with the *generous* and chivalric slaveholder. Living in profusion and luxury upon the earnings of others, and attended by a train of servants who cost them nothing in wages—what thanks do they deserve for their vaunted hospitality? The pretension to a generous and noble disposition, is but pretension. I have the testimony of several Eastern people who have resided here, and my own experience confirms it, that, compared with the unpretending and frugal people of New England, the Southerners are *selfish and heartless*, with all their splendid show of welcome. The standard of human worth and intelligence being lowered as it is by the influence of Slavery—*everything* else of course falls proportionably—everything is inferior to the East except the soil.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY. 1847.

Non sibi, sed omnibus.

Not to ourselves alone inclined,
But to the whole of human kind.

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER:—That lovely spirit of universal philanthropy, which leads to the production of those voluntary contributions of powerful and cultivated minds, with which the pages of the Standard are enriched and so abundantly supplied, and by which we are furnished with food for reflection, and with instructive waymarks, to trace its onward progress, is to many minds a renewed evidence of the truthfulness of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. And when we look at the editorial column, which once was crowned with that pictorial of Woman sustaining and unfurling the beautiful banner of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and find its place so frequently supplied with the spirit-moving efforts of the female mind, we are compensated, richly compensated for its absence.

That was, however, what that pictorial was typical of the character of this interesting eduction, and exhibited in bold relief the pleasing and the "fixed fact," that upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society the equal rights of woman were clearly and unequivocally recognized—then it was that its presence awakened sensations of pleasure at the remembrance that "she who lingered latest at the Cross, and was earliest at the tomb of Jesus," held so prominent a position there, and a cheering earnest of ultimate success was shadowed forth from that untiring perseverance—that eminent attribute of the female character, and the willing tribute of admiration is spontaneously awarded as remembrance of the *faithful sister-band* is rising into view.

There is a peculiar propriety that Woman should plead this righteous cause, when it is perceived that by the cunningly and the meanly devised enactments of that human flesh-dealing law of Slavery; it is Woman who sustains and suffers the horrid evils of that home destroying, that wicked institution. It is woman who is made by the force of iniquitous law, the wretched lever that gives motion, life, and being—duration without end to that system of complicated villainy—of atrocious wrong. And it is to Woman who, in every age, exerts an irresistible influence over the destiny of Man, that we must look for aid to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

Let the noble-minded mothers and the lovely daughters of this land speak "without concealment, without compromise," their firm resolve to have no union with slaveholders, and they will touch a cord, will sound a note which chivalry itself can feel and understand.

That infant-selling chivalry whose heel is planted on the prostrate parents' not the tyrant's neck which once could boast of tearing the eagle from the lion's grasp, will listen to her stern rebuke, when the fervid eloquence of Man may light upon the ear as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Lured by the winning way, the persuasive tones of Woman, they may "bid their falcon fly at higher game," and "learn to reverence the dignity of their ancestors and maintain their own."

Impelled by that sentiment of honour—that swelling tide of generous emotions, which dilates the hearts of many of our Southern countrymen, we have a sure presage that when the blessed hour of emancipation comes—as come it must—their movements will be marked by that which will put to shame our treatment of that injured and neglected people.

There is in the contemplation of an ardent devotion to clearly manifested duty that which adds vigorous energy to every good resolve, and it is one of the highest recreations of the intellectual nature to trace "the winding way" of devoted excellence, over the varied prairies of this world, unto that purer and "that better land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" and how often are we strengthened and refreshed by the character of such unfaltering labourers as Charles Marriott. When, yielding to a sense of imperative duty, he left the shady banks of the placid Cleverae, and exchanged his peaceful home at Sunny-side for the unquiet scenes of city life, my spirit trembled for him. I knew the purity of his heart—the gentleness of his nature, and I had learned in the school of bitter experience the trials of virtue and of faith that awaited him there—as a being of another and a higher sphere—he mingled with "the busy throng" of mercenary men, "among them, but not of them," and when assailed by the cruel spirits of unrelenting persecution, for his life-long devotion in the cause of suffering humanity, the depth and the length of his Christian perfection shone out conspicuously there.

When charged by that unhappy and contentious spirit with disgracing the seat which he occupied in the meeting-house, and which he had filled and adorned for more than twenty years, at the earnest solicitation of them who knew and who valued his moral and religious worth—what was his mild and dignified reply? "All seats are the same to me, and if mine gives thee pain I can change it," says this practical Christian—this consistent friend, and like the meek and gentle Jesus, when he washed his disciples feet, he humbled himself before these seat-respecting, these dear, mistaken brethren, and gave a lucid demonstration, that between him and them, there was indeed a distinction and a difference. Earth has no record of the private grief which this dear saint endured when he was oftimes led deeply to feel the truth of the Scripture declaration, that, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and, "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." So perfect was his confidence in the omnipotence of truth, so deep was his love, and so tender his regard for the reputation of those dear, but unfortunate brethren, who were instrumental in his prostration. How severe is the contrast between that peaceful, dove-like nature which reposed in his purified bosom, and that restless spirit of tumultuous activity which agitates the breasts of some of his opposers, and leads a few of them into the lamentable weakness of shooting at random over his precious memory, the pointless arrows of calumny; but like autumn leaves they are falling fast, and the messenger of mercy, as she scatters lightly over them the dust of oblivion, enters the compassionate plea of ignorance and imbecility for their unending rest. Requiescant in pace—may they rest in peace, is the ardent aspiration of those who have seen that the good men do, lives after them, the bad is oftimes buried with their bones."

It is, indeed, with sensations of painful pleasure, that we dwell upon that sullied page of the past, but there is a duty—a Christian duty—which we owe to the living, to keep in perpetual remembrance the faithful labours, and to hold up before the dawning light of the future the bright example of the dear departed. Would that the members of our religious society were individually more familiar with the writings of early Friends—more conversant with the pages of Piety Promoted, that truthful monument reared by the society itself, to the memory of its sainted worth—there do we behold a beautiful illustration of practical Christianity—there do we find, in the faithful life and triumphant death of these favourites of Heaven, a formula for the care of that "modern scepticism," which, like an icy avalanche, is not only threatening the society, but shaking its base—whose chilling influence is freezing into apathy, and urging into retirement some of its warmest hearts and brightest minds, compelling them to seek, reluctantly to seek, in other scenes, "that pearl which *rich men* cannot buy, but which the poor and the despised of earth seek and obtain,"—and these may say in the eloquent language of that amiable and enlightened Abolitionist, the late and lamented Dr. Parrish: "We are men of peace—the bones of our fathers, for many generations, repose within the burial grounds of this religious society, yet even these for peace sake we are willing to resign into the hands of the alien and the stranger."

That popularity-hunting, money-searching, wealth-relying spirit which is ever seeking to intrench itself deeply behind the ramparts of every sect, and assuming to itself the sacred vesture of holiness—that motive from which works the whole machinery of priestcraft, and which some, even in our beloved religious society, instead of rebuking, are labouring with misdirected zeal, to identify with the sacred animus of abolition, has no place in the bosom of these. These, like Charles Marriott, have nailed the flag of reform to the mighty masts of religious principle, and, "Malgre le tort," in defiance of danger, they will outride the storm, or like him, they will perish in the contest. Let the man-made ministers indulge in the outpourings of wrathful jealousy, as the moving eloquence of the moral, or the Anti-Slavery lecturer, when he pleads the sacred cause of suffering humanity, casts a shade over their verbiage—rebukes their hollow pretensions, and exposes the foolishness of that preaching whose inefficacy is apparent to every intelligent eye.

While the anointed ministers of Jesus—the true ambassadors of Christ have a more excellent way in which "he maketh them to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth them beside the still waters," and the precious manna of each divinely authorized message, as it melts into the human heart, and reaches the silent witness there, is a living attestation of the sublime truth that "there is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

These are ever ready to hail with heartfelt joy the unbought efforts of William Lloyd Garrison, and that noble band of talented compatriots, who are labouring with such singleness of purpose, and with such peerless ability in the diversified field of moral reform—the grateful report of those hardy pioneers falls upon the wakeful ear of such as the pleasing sound of "many waters"—as, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight."

These dedicated servants of the Most High, possessing a truly catholic spirit, have an Evangelical Alliance, "such as earth saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see"—these have seen in the visions of light, that this moral labour must be accomplished before the fulfilment of that promise, when "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Should these lines meet the eye of some who are treading alone the wine-press of duty, and who, at times, are ready to faint by the wayside, unto these would I say, my brother! my sister! "be of good cheer, the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but he that endureth to the end, shall be saved." The Daughter of Zion shall awake from her slumber—shall arise and be clad in the white robe of Truth and Innocence, and those who now point at her the finger of unmerited scorn, and "rejoice that her beauty is departed," shall see with the Saviour, that "ye are the temples of the living God," that your purified hearts are his appropriate altar, and, however, it may suit the policy of some who would assume to govern and direct its business operations, to cast you aside as valueless pebbles in the path of religious society, ye are living stones in your Heavenly Father's Mansion. To the young and gifted minister, whose lamp is lit by a burning coal from the Altar of Heaven, I would say beware of the seductive influence, the torpedo touch of official station—beware of that religious anemone—that wind-flower, whose perfume is danger, whose smell is death. And, of those members of the religious Society of Friends, in particular, and of my Christian brethren of every religious denomination in general, who are accustomed to contribute at the

ballot-box, to sustain that Heaven-defying and unholy compromise, I would ask, in conclusion, their special and prayerful attention to this positive and unrepealed command of the Infinite Jehovah, "thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee."

He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him.—Deut. xxiii. 15, 16.

Thine, for the sacred cause of religion, and that of her ever-present, interesting, and beautiful handmaid, TREADWELL.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

THE "STREAK LETTER" OF ELIZUR WRIGHT TO HENRY B. STANTON.

OHIO CITY, Jan. 2, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—I have just had an interview with the Rev. Edward Fuller, who resides about three miles distant from this city, but in the township, at a small village, called Brooklyn. The object of his call was to get what information he could, relative to that old affair, the "secret letter," about which I wrote you a few lines some five or six years ago. Some two years ago, or more, I gave Mr. Fuller some information on the subject of that letter; since which, he has embraced the views of those who compose what is called the old organization, and has kept a closer watch of what is said and done on both sides of the question than I have. He informed me that the subject of that letter has lately been reviewed, and that the editor of the Charter Oak, and others, were charging some one with *stealing* the letter. I wish to refer to it. You will probably recollect, that a part of the letter I wrote you had no signature, and I gave you the reason why he did not wish to have his name known; at least, I think that I stated his reason. It was because he was then, and at the time of the holding of the National Anti-Slavery Convention at Cleveland, an agent for the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Society. He was one of the committee appointed by that National Convention, whose duty, if I recollect right, was to consider the question of political organization, and make a report thereon; and to whom all letters, relative to that subject, were given, to enable them to ascertain the opinions and wishes of the great mass of Abolitionists. The individual alluded to above, as State agent, was the Rev. L. D. Butts. After his writing those few lines, in my letter to you that had no signature, he went the rounds of his circuit, lecturing, &c. He returned this way, and called at my house again, by which time the "secret letter" had appeared in the Liberator; but I discovered that the letter, when published, did not contain all that was in the one I sent you. I inquired of him how that happened. He then told me that there were two or more letters, on the same subject, from Mr. Wright to Mr. Stanton, and that what did not appear in the one that was published would appear, if all those letters could be seen.

It was either at that time, or after he had made another circuit, that I had discovered that the charge of filching the letter had been made by the editor of some paper,—"The Abolitionist," I think. On inquiring of Mr. Butts about the matter, he told me that the two or more letters referred to above, including the one published in the Liberator, *were all given to the committee by Mr. Stanton himself*; and, further, that those letters, together with all the letters and papers in possession of the committee, *were accessible to all who wished to peruse them*, and were lying on the seat of the slip which was occupied by the committee, nearly or quite the whole sitting of the Convention

At this conversation, the subject of writing to you again, to give you these particulars, came up; but, for several reasons, we thought it not best to write. One was, he was still an agent, and it might work to his disadvantage to be discovered communicating what would be calculated to keep up a warfare that very many wished to see brought to a close. But the main reason was, as he said, that the charge of "filching" was merely a surmise of an editor, and he thought it would be so considered by the people; and he further said, that it could never become more serious, because *Mr. Stanton would not dare bring the charge directly himself*; and because not only the REV. MR. BUTTS, but every other member of the committee, knew that the letters were presented by Mr Stanton.

Mr. Butts gave me the name of Gen. James H. Payne, of Paynesville, as a member of the committee, and a reference, in case any further testimony on the subject should be wanted. I will state further, that Mr. Butts and myself, and every member of the committee referred to, were and are, so far as I know, *Liberty party men*. I have no doubt that the fact, that Mr. Butts and myself belong to the Liberty party, had something to do in preventing us from writing you again, as we talked. Another reason why we did not dare write was, that notwithstanding Mr. Stanton would not dare bring the charge over his own name, through the papers, yet he might give such intimations to friends in private conversation; and a flat denial coming from here, and that from a committee of his political friends, would place him in a serious position. We esteemed the man very highly indeed, and thought not best to risk his reputation by the exposition.

I have made this statement, because, as I said before, the Rev. Mr. Fuller informed me, this evening, that the charge of *stealing* that letter, or those letters, has been renewed lately; and not because I wished to add fuel to the fire. It is not because the charge bears on me, or any other Liberty party man, but it is because it *does not* bear on individuals belonging to that party; for no one of any other party, organization, or society, has had anything to do with the matter; and I do not wish the charge, though false as it is, should be brought against any person or party, who have had nothing to do with it.

You are at liberty to make such use of this letter, or any part of it, as you may think best calculated to subserve the cause of universal liberty and justice. Yours, with great esteem,

LYMAN CROWL.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

From the Liberator.

LETTER FROM REV. EDWARD J. FULLER.

BROOKLIN, (Ohio,) Jan. 11th, 1847.

MR. GARRISON:—Soon after the Convention of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Cleveland, in 1839, a communication, in reference to certain letters of Elizur Wright, jr. to Henry B. Stanton, was forwarded to you from this region. This communication, or the substance of it, being published in the Liberator, called forth the publication, by Mr. Wright, of the justly celebrated "Streak Letter." I cannot now lay my hand on the paper, containing the communication; for though I have taken the Liberator ever since 1833, if I mistake not, I have found it difficult to *keep* it. Soon after the appearance of the Liberator, containing the communication, Mr. Crowl, of Ohio city, in the course of a conversation I had with him, informed me that he was the individual who forwarded it to you. The charges of "theft," "pilfering," "purloining," &c. &c. (various other charges have been rung,) which the Liberty party organs have been reiterating of late, reminded me of the conversation I had with Mr. Crowl, as far back as 1839. I called on Mr. C. a few days since, stated to him the course that certain Liberty party papers were pursuing, referred to the efforts of certain editors to fasten the guilt of purloining the letter upon "old organization," and requested him to state the facts in the case, that I might forward them to you for publication, in order that "old organization" might be relieved of the odium which certain Liberty party editors, taking their key-note from the Rev. (!) Joshua Leavitt, are basely striving to heap upon it. Mr. Crowl, though connected *politically* with Liberty party, is well known in this region as a man of strict integrity. He is a man, who, unlike some of his political associates, *would scorn to do a mean act*. I found him entirely willing to state the facts in the case, so far as he was acquainted with them. He said he had long been intending to write to you on the subject of my inquiries, and could hardly forgive himself that he had not done so. He seemed wounded at the injustice which had been done to yourself, and to "old organization," by the false charges of Liberty party papers—condemned, in the strongest terms, the course of those papers, in reference to the charges of "purloining the letter," &c.—and expressed his utter surprise that Henry B. Stanton, knowing these charges to be scurrilously false, should suffer them to pass uncontradicted, and their authors unrebuked:

I saw Mr. Crowl again this morning, and he informed me that, immediately after our conversation last week, he forwarded to you a letter, stating the facts in the case; and that he was impelled to do so, not only by a desire to do justice to yourself, and to the party you represent, but by a desire to relieve his own mind in the discharge of a duty which he had designed to perform long ago.

Since Mr. Crowl has written, it seems hardly necessary that I should write, although Mr. C. desired I would do so. I need not be so particular, however, as I should otherwise have been. It will appear, I presume, from Mr. Crowl's letter, that certain letters from E. Wright, jr. to H. B. Stanton, and among them the "Streak Letter," were handed over to a committee, *by Mr. Stanton himself*—that these letters remained in the hands of the committe, subject to the examination of each member thereof, during their entire session—that the contents of those letters were forwarded to you *by men who have belonged to Liberty party*, ever since the birth of Liberty party in Ohio—and hence, that the charge of Liberty party editors, that "the letter was stolen," *is false:* and that the same charge, as applied to "old organization," is DOUBLY FALSE.

Now, what is the course of the Liberty party papers? They tell us, "the letter was stolen," and the guilt of this theft they are careful to lay at the door of "old organization." Mr. Leavitt, out of the natural amiableness of his disposition, informs us that "the letter *was* STOLEN;" and that whoever states otherwise, is *guilty of falsehood!!* Mr. Burleigh, of the Charter Oak, as full of wormwood as the Rev. Joshua Leavitt is of gall, is still more specific. He tells us that "the letter was stolen *from Mr. Stanton's hat*"!—that "the periodical publication of it, by the Liberator, Standard, &c. will injure none but the men who thus endorse *the thief who first made its contents public*"!—that "the men who thus avail themselves of the wrong of *the light fingered rascal who purloined the letter*, are *particeps criminis* with the thief," &c. &c. Now suppose, just for the fun of the thing, that "the letter was stolen;" we will also suppose, with Mr. Burleigh, that the thief is he who first made its contents public. An important question arises, viz: *Who is the thief?* The answer to this will enable us to decide, whether Liberty party speaks true or false, when she charges the guilt of theft upon "old organization." Who, then, is the thief? Who is "the light-fingered rascal that purloined the letter, and first made its contents public"? I answer, *the thief is the* Rev. L. D. BUTTS, aided and abetted by Lyman Crowl, of Ohio city! And who are they? THEY ARE LIBERTY PARTY MEN! known as such, ever since Liberty party had a name to live in Ohio.

You will have learned, ere this, from Mr. Crowl, that the communication forwarded to you in 1839, was made up of extracts from *several* letters of Mr. Wright to Mr. Stanton; *all of which were handed over, with other documents, to the committee*, BY MR. STANTON. The thief, therefore, who stole the "Streak Letter," whoever he may be, is the same who stole, heaven knows how many, other letters at the same time! He "purloined" not a lamb merely, (in that case, we might excuse him on the ground of hunger,) but he "hooked" a whole flock of sheep! and he deserves the Penitentiary!! But who is the thief? Who is "the light-fingered rascal," that has done this wholesale villany? Why, it is the Rev. L. D. Butts, a well-known Liberty party man, aided and abetted by Lyman Crowl, another Liberty party man, equally well known! Mr. Burleigh informs us, that those who fellowship the thief, are as bad as he; and talks about locking up his silver spoons, while such fellows are about! He will do well, doubtless, to lock up his spoons; for, by his own showing, his own political household are "a brotherhood of thieves"!

But how supremely ridiculous is the charge, that the letter was stolen at all! Think of Rev. L. D. Butts, with more old sermons and other waste paper than he can find room to stow away, creeping from pew to pew, in Dr. Aikin's church, where the Convention was held, and making his way stealthily towards "Mr. Stanton's hat"! What is his object? Why, to steal "that letter"! Is there money in it? No—it is unsealed. Why does he wish to steal that old letter? The luminous probability is, that he is vastly desirous of adding it to that heap of rubbish, which he has already on hand, and which he is extremely anxious to get rid of!

Gen. J. H. Payne, of Paynesville, was on the committee. It is possible he might have had a hand in the business. He has just left his office—bid good bye, for a time, to the depositions and briefs, and [illegible] in rich confusion upon the shelves, tables, and floor of a lawyer's office. Look at him now. He has got into the church—and a strange feeling comes over him! Perhaps it is a feeling of sympathy with "the brotherhood," occasioned by the clustering associations of the place. At all events, he feels irresistibly impelled *to steal something!* See him making his way towards that centre of attraction, "Mr. Stanton's hat"! What is his object? Why, to get that letter! Does he know what is in it? O, no! But, if he can get hold of it, the strange propensity that is in him will be gratified, and he can add that old letter to the heap of rubbish which he left in his office at home—and that will be something!—But enough of this. If Mr. Leavitt is *an honest man*, (heaven save the mark!) he will take back the charge, that the letter was stolen. But I well know that he will not take it back. If, however, he reiterates the charge, and, as usual, places the guilt at the door of "old organization," he will know, and the world will know, that he is "guilty of falsehood."

How strange it is, that men, who can swallow a printing-press, with all its fixtures, and wash it down with cartloads of books and paper, should strain and make corkscrew faces, when they attempt to swallow an unsealed letter! I can explain the phenomenon, only by the fact that the printing-press and books *belonged to somebody else*—while the letter *is their own!* Yours, truly,

EDWARD J. FULLER.

SPEECH OF MR. CORWIN.

We make from the report in the Tribune the following extracts from the speech of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, in the United States Senate, on the Appropriation Bill:

* * * * * * *

Well, I could not leave the position in which it had pleased the State of Ohio to place me, and I returned again and again to the original and primary and important inquiry—how is it that my country is involved in this war? I looked to the President's account of it, and he tells me it was a war for the defence of the territory of the United States. I found it written in that Message, Mr. President, that this war was not sought nor forced upon Mexico by the people of the United States. I shall make no question of history or the truth of history with my master, the Commander-in-chief, upon that particular proposition. On the contrary, I could verify every word that he thus utters. Sir, I know that the people of the United States neither sought nor forced Mexico into this war, and yet I know that the President of the United States, with the command of your standing army, did seek that war, and that *he* forced war upon Mexico. I am not about to afflict the Senate with a detail of testimony on that point. I will simply state facts which not a man in America will deny.

One of these facts, Mr. President, is this: That in the year of grace, 1836, the battle of San Jacinto was fought. Does anybody deny that? No one here will doubt that fact. The result of that battle was that a certain district of country calling itself Texas, declared itself a free and independent Republic. I hope the Senate will pardon me for uttering a thought or two which strike me just now while I see the Senator from Texas—the leader of the men who achieved that victory—before us. I wish to say a word or two about the great glory—the historical renown that is to come to the people of the United States by the victories which she shall obtain over the arms and forces of the Republic of Mexico. I suppose, Mr. President, like all other boys, in my early youth, I had an opportunity of looking at a book called history, those which spoke of bloody battles and desolating wars were most likely to attract my attention, and with very limited means of ascertaining that portion of the history of the human race, it nevertheless has impressed itself very vividly upon my mind that there have been great wars, and, as the old maxim has it, very many brave men, even before Agamemnon. (A laugh.)

There have been Generals before the Senator from Texas, who fought well. (A laugh.) Men have done valiantly on battle-fields before Taylor went to Monterey: a few—one or two I recollect—not particular friends of mine, Mr. President, although they were friends of my family, descended, some of them, from the same English ancestry—at all events from Noah, to whom we all claim a very close and kindred relation. But I confess I am somewhat surprised that men acquainted with the history of mankind—men who know that war had been the trade of barbarous and civilized men for six thousand years, prompted by those noble instincts which the Senator from Michigan speaks about—who know that the first man born was a hero of the very first magnitude, he killed his brother, (a laugh,) he beat out his brains with a club; it was in a dispute, Mr. President, about the division of power and patronage between them—I am surprised, Sir, that with all this history of mankind, grave Senators, grey headed men free from the ardour and the natural aspirations of youth and young men, all unite in one great hallelujah and symphony of praise to the great and illustrious deeds of war that have occurred and that have shed such imperishable renown upon the banner and the prowess of this Republic of ours in this conflict with what one would suppose from all this must be a powerful and almost unconquered and unconquerable foe. Mr. President, twenty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race—that indomitable race, that have gone about the world robbing it wherever they have settled—now set themselves up as gaining a very great reputation in history for doing—what? For gaining three victories in three battles with the Republic of Mexico, who, in the year 1836, was conquered and bereft of a territory as large as the whole empire of France by seven hundred men under the command of the honorable Senator from Texas, coming from about ten thousand people gathered from all quarters of the Union, who had a few months before set themselves down in the Republic of Texas! I expect this will be a very glorious chapter in your history—won't it! (A laugh.) After the Senator from Texas had met this foe in deadly conflict—had waged war with them—in stricken battle had conquered the whole nation—and captured their President and Commander-of their army, losing three men on the field of battle and two others who died of their wounds—that's the history of that war!—after such a conflict as that with the Republic of Mexico, I do think it becomes the martial aspirations of this great Republic of the United States to wish to measure arms with this unconquerable sept in Mexico!

Why, Sir, must not this melancholy affair excite the ridicule, nay, it must excite the contempt of every man acquainted with the history of the wars of the world? I do not deny to those gallant men that have gone into that country, personal bravery, equal to troops of any land, of any kind, anywhere engaged in this work of butchery. I do not believe we are less capable in the business of destruction, than any other people that ever lived. I do not believe that we are less willing on the slightest pretext, to cut the throat of any other man. I believe that we possess all that capacity in the highest degree. I see examples of it before me, in the very war in which we are engaged. Well, the Republic of Texas, having established its independence by that battle, in due time after seven or eight years, came to the sister Republic of the United States, and asked to sink its sovereignty and become one of the sister Republics of the United States—and now our President has informed us at the opening of the session, that with the most anxious desire to preserve pacific relations with Mexico (?) he has been compelled to this war. I was happy to hear the Senator from Michigan say yesterday, that nothing could justify the war, but the defence of the honour or the interests of the nation, and the President has informed you that in defence of the boundaries of your Republic—of one of the States of your Republic—he has been forced into this war. Now let us consider the attitude of these two hostile Republics as it was at the time when this battle of San Jacinto was fought, as it was at the time when the union of these two Republics took place, contrary to the will of Mexico, with whom we are now at war.

Every one can feel, if he but examine his own bosom for a moment, what must have been the sentiment of a citizen of the Mexican Republic at the time when, by the valour of the troops they fought, they fought them upon the field of San Jacinto. The Republic of Mexico was deprived, as I believe, of about half of her territory. It is in vain for you, Mr. President, or for any other man, to say that a Mexican would not feel for the dismemberment of his country, just as you would feel for the dismemberment of your Republic. There is not a race—not a people extant in any part of the earth—in any organized, or social, or consistent form of society, which has so uniformly adhered, pertinaciously, to the possession of every inch of soil that they could claim as their country, as this very Mexican—this very Spanish—this very Indian race in that country. So strongly is that principle implanted in that half savage and half civilized Mexican, that it has become with him a sentiment arising to fanaticism in his bosom.

So deeply has it impressed itself upon them that it has become incorporated in the written Constitution of the Republic, that not an inch of the soil of the Republic ever should be alienated; but that it shall remain whole and entire as long as the Republic endures—that if one of the members be struck off death must ensue, unless that member be re-united to the Republic. Well, then, with such a people, not like you as you fondly boast yourselves—highly civilized, highly reasoning, and highly philosophical—but a people who have the barbarism of the old ages, and at the same time the sentiment of patriotism incorporated upon it making it stronger than life itself in the bosom of the Mexican—what must have been the feeling when they learned that at the battle of San Jacinto there were but seventy-five Mexicans in the ranks of the conquering army, and that every other man of the seven hundred and fifty-three who fought the battle and dismembered the Republic, and became masters of one fourth of its soil, had but recently gone armed, equipped, fed and furnished by the United States of North America to do that very work! I don't know that the Republic of Mexico had any right to make war upon you because your citizens chose to seek their fortunes upon the fields of Texas.

I do not know whether she had any cause to complain when you permitted your citizens to march in battalions and regiments from your shores for the avowed purpose of stirring up an insurrection in a neighbouring republic—I know that it did not produce a rupture at that time, although I remember well the negotiation which took place between your Minister and theirs on that very subject. I remember that you made a public proclamation; but in spite of this your citizens went there armed; and therefore we all know that it is against this Anglo-Saxon, North American race—that the prejudices and feelings of Mexico have been excited to the highest point. What could be the feeling in the breast of any man here if the people of Canada, with the connivance or permission of the crown of England, had permitted their inhabitants to arm themselves—or it might be had permitted regiments of trained and mercenary troops stationed there to come upon the State of New-York and excite an insurrection there, to tell the people of New-York that the crown of England was the natural and paternal Government of the people that desired to be happy—that the Government of the republic of the United States was factious and degraded—that human nature withered under it, and that it was only under the Lion of England, rampant upon his field of gold, and not under the blackguard Eagle that any honourable gentleman desired to be protected and to fight?

If, Sir, I say, old mother England had sent her children forward to you with such a purpose and message as that, and had severed the State of New-York from you, and then, for some difficulty about the boundary along between it and Pennsylvania and New Jersey, running up some little tide-creek, here, and going off a little degree or two there, should have said, "We have a dispute about this boundary; we have some forty thousand regular troops planted upon the boundary, and I wish you to understand that I am very strong—that I have not only about thirty millions of people upon the Island of England—of Great Britain—that own my sovereign sway—but away upon the other side of the globe, right under you, there the Lion of England commands the obedience of a hundred and twenty millions more. It becomes you struggling Democrats, away here in this new world, to be a little careful how you treat with me. You are not Celts exactly—you are Anglo-Saxons; but you are a degenerate, an alien, a sort of bastard race. I have taken your New-York; I will have your Massachusetts." And all this is submitted to the American Senate, and we are gravely discussing what ought to be done. Would we be likely to ratify a treaty between New-York and the crown of England, permitting New-York to become a part of the colonial possessions of the crown of England?

I should like to hear my colleague (Mr. Allen) speak to such a question as that. (A laugh.) I should like to hear the voice of this Democracy that you talk about, called upon to utter its tones on a question like that. If he who last year was so pained lest an American citizen away—God knows where!—in some latitude beyond the Rocky Mountains—should be obedient to British law—if he whose patriotic and republican apprehension was so painfully excited lest the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury—which every Englishman carries with him in his breeches pocket wherever he goes—should be made to bear upon an American citizen—were called upon to speak upon such a proposition as that which I have supposed, I should certainly like to hear how he would receive it. Yet the question being reversed that is precisely the condition in which Mexico stood toward you the day after the battle of San Jacinto was fought. With all that we did well all that we did. Then we send our people to Texas. They went after liberty they say! (A laugh.) They could not have it at home!

I remember it well. They went to Texas to fight for their rights. They could not fight for them in their own country. Well, they fought for their rights. They conquered them! They conquered a peace. (Laughter.) They were your citizens—not Mexicans. They were recent emigrants to that country. They went there for the very purpose of seizing on that country, and making it a free and independent Republic, with the view, as some of them said, of bringing it into the American Confederacy in due time. Is this poor Celtic brother of yours in Mexico—is the Mexican man sunk so low that he cannot hear what fills the mouth and ear of rumour all over this country? He knows that this is the settled purpose of some of your people. He knows that your avarice has fixed his eagle glance on these rich acres in Mexico, and that your proud power counted the number that could be brought against you, and that your avariee and your power together marched on to the subjugation of the third or fourth part of the Republic of Mexico, and took it from her. They knew this, and knowing it what must have been the feeling and sentiment in the mind of the President of the United States, when he tells you that with such a people—with a people at least in their own opinion, so deeply injured by us, as were these Mexicans—he entertained that divine, benevolent sentiment—a desire to preserve peaceful relations with the Republic of Mexico!

This Republic of Texas comes under the Government of the United States, and it happens that the Minister resident at your Court—and it is a pretty respectable Court, Mr. President—we have something of a King—not for life it is true, but a quadrennial sort of a monarch, who does very much as he pleases—the Minister resident at that Court of yours, stated at the time that this revolted province of Texas was claimed by Mexico, and that if you received it as one of the sovereign States of this Union, right or wrong—it was impossible to reason with this people about it—they would consider it as an act of hostility. Did you consult the national feeling of Mexico then?

Not at all. You spurned it away as a weak and trivial thing, whose complaints you would not even hear; and when she murmured in humble supplicancy, and begged of you not to do this, which must disturb the peaceful relations of the two countries, while she was at the same time acknowledging her debts to your citizens, and agreeing to the award of your Commissioners, who had given to them two and a half millions of money, to be paid out of her treasury, and which could be got only by forced loans from her own citizens. She begged of you, while doing all this, not to enter on this new plan, but to let this Republic of Texas alone—if independent, to let her enjoy her independence—if free, to let her enjoy unmixed freedom calmly and securely, as she said she could, in defiance of Mexico. But you said "No! I will strengthen mine own arm by uniting to this body of the United States that which has been severed from yours by citizens of this country. I will take Texas into the Union! I will throw the political shield of my institutions around her rights, and there it shall stand as that which guarded Eden, turning every way."

That's the way you threatened Mexico. Her Minister, in spite of this remonstrance, failing, leaves this country. He leaves, telling you that because you had brought yourselves into this hostile relation to his country, it was impossible for him to remain at your Court as accredited Envoy Extraordinary. Well, what did you do? After some time you were told that it is likely the Republic of Mexico will receive from you, if you will condescend to send him, an Ambassador to treat of this question of boundary between Texas and the United States. Now, Mr. President, what did it become the great people of the United States to do when that proffer was made by this weak, degraded, contemptible, and contemned Mexico? Why, your Minister goes there. A minister of the first grade—just as though all your relations with Mexico were of the most pacific character! A man then trembling on the tottering throne of some faction which he represented, says to your Minister, "In God's name delay this mission! Don't ask to be received! If we receive a Minister from the United States to treat with us on this thing, we should be dethroned, lose our power, and you will entirely fail in your object."

What does your Minister do? They tell him at the same time, "Come in the character of a Commissioner to treat about the question of boundary, and you may be received." I speak, Mr. President, in general terms of the correspondence between Mr. SLIDELL and the Mexican official at that time, whoever he was. What does your President do? Oh! his heart panting for peace—desiring above all things to treat these despised Mexicans in such a way that not a shadow of complaint can rest on their minds—he says you shall receive me as Minister. I will not come in the capacity of Commissioner. You shall receive me as if there was no cause of quarrel between you and the United States, or we wont treat at all. Now, has it come to this, that the North American Republic—has it come to this—I ask of the peace-loving people of the United States—I ask of the philosophic and reflecting men of the United States—I ask of the mothers of this Republic if they are willing that their sons should pour out their life-blood on the parched sands of Mexico, and heap up the graves of two thousand men along this river, dying with disease, simply because your President would not name Mr. JOHN SLIDELL "Commissioner," but must call him "Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico? Mr. President, are we to force ourselves into good society abroad? (A laugh.) Gentlemen do not act that way in the West, Mr. President! We don't fight because somebody don't choose to admit us into his society there (a laugh); nor do Christian men, Mr. President, fight for that reason!

We come now to the year 1845. Mr. SLIDELL writes home, that if some military demonstration should be made, perhaps he would be received as JOHN SLIDELL, "Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary." Mr. SLIDELL invokes the military power of the United States, and says, "Make a warlike demonstration on these men, and perhaps I shall be accredited and received." The President and Secretary accordingly send your army to the confines of Mexico. There lies the little piece of territory out of which, Mr. President, all this war has arisen! Now I would not state any disputable fact.—It is known to every man who has looked into this subject, that a revolutionary Government can claim no jurisdiction anywhere when it has not defined and exercised its power with the sword. It was utterly indifferent to Mexico and the world, what legislative enactments Texas made. She extended her revolutionary Government and her revolutionary dominion not one inch beyond the extent to which she had carried the power of Texas in opposition to the power of Mexico.

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While the American President can command the army, thank God I can command the purse. While the President under the penalty of death, can command your officers to proceed, I can tell them to come back for supplies, as he may. He shall have no funds from me in the prosecution of such a war. That I conceive to be the duty of a Senator. I am not mistaken in that. If it is my duty to grant whatever the President demands, for what am I here? Have I no will upon the subject? Is it not placed at my discretion, understanding, judgment? Have an American Senate and House of Representatives nothing to do but obey the bidding of the President, as the mercenary army he commands is compelled to obey under the penalty of death? No! your Senate and House of Representatives were never elected for such purposes as that.

* * * * * * *

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castillian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande—What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them when those battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Oh! had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts—had England's Lion, rampant on his field of gold, ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen or under ninety, who would not have been there to meet him—is there a river on this Continent that would not have ran red with blood—is there a field of conflict but would have been filled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before those consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister republic and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory—you are unworthy to possess it—I have got one-half already—all I ask of you is to give up the other!" Oh, England might as well, in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us "Give up the Atlantic slope—give up this trifling territory from the Alleghany mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's—only about one-third of your Republic, and we have the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? Why, they would say we must give this up to John Bull. Why? "He wants room." The Senator from Michigan says he must have this. Why, my worthy Christian brother, on what principle of justice? "I want room!" (A laugh.)

Why, with twenty millions of people you have only about a hundred millions of acres of land, inviting settlement by every conceivable argument—bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the Senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican I would tell you "Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead? If you come into mine, we will welcome you with bloody hands and a hospitable grave!"

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Why, says the Senator from Michigan the other day, Europe had quite forgotten us, until these battles waked them up! (a laugh.) I wonder if the President of the United States—educated as he is in all military and civil pursuits—ever read that maxim of the man who wrote first about law—Montesquieu—"Happy is that nation whose annals are written in sand!" The Senator from Michigan had a different view of this. He thinks that a nation is not distinguished until it is distinguished in war. He fears that the slumbering faculties of old Europe have not been able to ascertain that there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons here—making railroads and canals, and speeding all the arts of peace to the utmost accomplishment of the most refined civilization! They do not know it! And what is the wonderful expedient which this Democratic method of making history would adopt in order to make us known? Shooting Mexican women!

I read in the battle of Monterey, that a poor little girl, with the benevolence of an angel in her bosom, and the robust courage of a hero in her heart, was busily engaged during the bloody conflict, amidst the crash of falling houses and the shrieks of war, in moistening the parched lips of the dying soldiers on either side, when suddenly, as an American officer looked upon her, a cannon-ball struck her and blew her to atoms! Oh! we are known in Europe! How we are recognized among the Christian nations of the world! This is a consummation that makes me think that the Millennial glory has just dawned upon the bloody field of Monterey. The glory of your great American republic shall live to the latest syllable of recorded time! You have stormed the Bishop's Palace, and shot an innocent girl engaged in giving water to the dying soldiers in the field!

This was to get room! There lies your acknowledged country on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, so far remote from the habitable parts of your country that you have actually to hire a regiment to carry the mail to the shores of the Pacific! And you want room! You make the hypocritical pretence that there is a bursting population teeming with energy, and enterprise, and life, which wants room! You will impose no lies like that upon us. Why shall we be so silly as to attempt to impose upon the world this false pretense?

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1847.

Compensation and Gradualism.

The following article is from Mr. Quincy's Massachusetts' Report, with which we have been furnished in advance of publication:

The triumphant success of the Texas conspiracy, and the alarming rapidity with which it has been followed up with a wider plan of pro-slavery conquest, have aroused the attention and excited the reflection of many able minds. Schemes for the removal of the curse of Slavery, which men are beginning to perceive clings to them, as well as to the slave, have been suggested by this new awakening in the public mind. Plans of compensation and of gradual emancipation have been broached, and seized upon, as straws which may yet perchance save the sinking State. Attention has been, in a particular manner, drawn to this subject, by a letter addressed to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, by the Hon. DAVID SEARS, of Boston, a gentleman of high social position and great private excellence, and who was one of the promoters of the Anti-Texas Convention of 1845. This letter which was written three years ago, though but recently published, suggests a plan of prospective emancipation, to be connected with compensation to the masters from the proceeds of the public lands. This letter has also been the occasion of a series of very ably written articles in the Boston Courier, which are understood to be from a gentleman of the highest standing in the mercantile world, whose reputation as a profound thinker and a clear expounder of the philosophy of free trade is not confined to his native country.

The hints which Mr. SEARS had briefly suggested of the evils which Slavery entails upon a country cursed with its presence—of the ignorance, the idleness, the poverty which are its necessary attendants,—are followed up more at large by this writer, and enforced by irresistible arguments, and by facts and figures which cannot lie. The unprofitable nature of slave labour, and the vices, poverty, and misery, which follow in its train, are demonstrated and illustrated with singular clearness and felicity. If the desperation with which the slaveholders cling to their peculiar institution arose solely, or chiefly, from the pecuniary profit they receive from it, such arguments and such an array of statistics could not fail to convince them of the error of their political economy. If they cared for the general ignorance which pervades their section of country, the comparison of the intelligence and better education of the inhabitants of the free States, might be expected to make an impression upon their minds. But of all these things, we believe that there are none more fully sensible than the slaveholders. They know that their system is a ruinous one to the States in which they live, and they know that their own wealth would be increased by the exchange of the labour of freemen for that of slaves. They know that Slavery impoverishes the mind as well as the soil and the wealth of the State where it exists. That general education and intelligence cannot prevail in a commonwealth, the corner-stone of whose republican institutions rests upon Slavery. None know these things so well as they, and yet they lay hold upon the ruinous institution as if it were the very altar of their political and eternal salvation.

The fallacy in the arguments of those who think that statements of fact conclusive of the unprofitableness and mischievousness of Slavery, can induce those implicated in it to listen to propositions of gradualism and compension, lies in the supposition that Slavery is maintained for the sake of the wealth that it produces. It is not wealth, but POWER, as a means to which all men seek for wealth, that Slavery is cherished and upheld. It is because our civil institutions have been so arranged, through the folly of our fathers and our own, that the slaveholders, in virtue of their ownership in human beings, possess a control over the policy and destinies of the whole nation, which no aristocracy ever possessed before, that they vindicate that ownership with such resolute determination. The whole number of slaveholders not exceeding TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND, and the actual voters who exercise the political power (deducting women, minors, and absentees) probably not much exceeding ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND, and this compact aristocracy having *twenty five votes* in the House, as representatives of their property, and a clear majority of FOUR VOTES in the Senate, it is plain that they have an interest in the maintenance of Slavery which cannot be measured by the statistics of production. The profits on their capital invested in lands and slaves form a very small particular in the advantages the slaveholders derive from a system, by virtue of which they have a controlling influence, indeed an absolute negative, upon the legislation of the country, who dictate the policy, make the Presidents, have a veto upon every nomination to office from the least unto the greatest, and in short, are the governing power of the nation. They can do without great direct profits, with such profitable incidents as these. They have no interest in the education of their poor white neighbours. It is their policy to keep them as near the level of the slaves as they can.

Ownership of human beings is the basis of the power of this Oligarchy. And what Oligarchy ever resigned its power of its own accord? A single despot has now and then in history abdicated his rule,—but an Oligarchy *never*. It never yields except to compulsion,—to the strong compulsion of the many who have long submitted to its sway. It is in vain to expect, by persuasion or by purchase, to prevail upon men invested with this sovereignty over their fellow-men, to renounce that element of their condition, by which they enjoy it. Political power is not a marketable article. Men who have got it will not resign it except upon the sternest necessity. We are constrained to believe that there is no deliverance for the people of the free States from the yoke their fathers imposed, and they have worn so long, except by a radical and revolutionary change in our political institutions or in our political relations,—either by a change in the Constitution, (which, as matters now stand, is politically and morally an impossibility,) or by a Dissolution of the Union. And we can discern no way of escape for the slave, as long as the moral, religious, political, and physical weight of the free States is arrayed, as it now is, on the side of the slaveholder. DISUNION, religious and political, is the only remedy sixteen years of close attention to this subject has enabled us to discover for the distempered and disjointed times in which we live,—for the deliverance of the slave and for the enfranchisement of ourselves!

Congress—Mr. Calhoun—Mr. Corwin.

An important and stirring debate has been going on in the United States Senate the past week on the appropriation bill, in which many distinguished Senators have participated. Among them stands pre-eminent Mr. Calhoun, who has not failed to display at this juncture his usual boldness and sagacity. His position is, that the war should be brought to a close, by the withdrawal of the United States troops, and settling by negotiation the Rio Grande as the boundary line between the two countries. This, this able Statesman, who is devoted to, and is more than any other man the impersonation of, the slaveholding power, sees is the best that can be done for the South in the present position of affairs. He knows that the anti-slavery sentiment of the North can be cheated out of what it asks, by a show of granting it something. Those who have been foremost in vociferating "NO MORE SLAVE TERRITORY," will permit themselves to be cajoled into silence by a speedy termination of the war, and the South will gain all she expected—the addition of the section of country from the Neuces to the Rio Grande, and the re-establishment of Slavery thereon.

One of the ablest speeches that has been made this session is that of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio. We regret that we have not room for it entire, but we give the most important part of it. The whole iniquity of the annexation of Texas, and the Mexican war, has never been put in a clearer light.

Since the above was put in the printer's hands the report of another debate in the Senate has been received. It originated in a personal attack on Mr. Calhoun, by Mr. Turney, of Tennessee, who accused the Senator from South Carolina with placing himself at the head of a third party, with an eye to the Presidency. He had, said Mr. Turney, first opposed Annexation, and then advocated it, thus being the chief instrument of bringing on the war, for the *war is the consequence of Annexation*, confessed this friend and defender of Mr. Polk. To all this Mr. Calhoun replied without hesitation. He denied having any aspirations for the Presidency, for though he considered the office a respectable one, he preferred being an independent Senator. His remarks relating to Texas we copy. They are a new proof of the object of Annexation, and of the wary and far-seeing sagacity with which the great Southern leader watches the movements of the times, and turns everything to the benefit of the slave-power. Will the people never learn wisdom from these things, and see how hopeless the puny struggles of the North must be while she permits herself to be shorn of her strength by continuing the Union?

Mr. Calhoun with some further remarks on this point, returned to the question of the Texas Annexation, and he would go into this matter now to some detail, if the Senate would agree. (Cries of go on! yes, yes, go on!) He objected to this undertaking at first, because the Administration

in the hall, and as many more went away for want of room. There were a number of coloured persons in the crowd, and I will give them the credit for behaving much more like gentlemen and ladies than some of their lighter complexioned neighbours. The abolition song was received with much applause, and the Anti-Texas verses with still greater. So much for a Providence audience; and you know we are not famed as a strong abolition State."

Toussaint.

We regret that we have been obliged to suspend for two numbers, the publication of this interesting and instructive tale. We have received, however, more "copy," and shall recommence it again next week.

Since it was commenced, we have received some hundreds of new subscribers. It is no more than just to them to say that this translation is by a well-known author and celebrated clergyman, no less admired for his eloquence, than respected and beloved as a faithful and able servant of his Master. The fact that he should undertake the labour of translating such a work is strong proof of its excellence. Those who know anything of the History of the Revolution of St. Domingo, and have read the translation thus far, can testify to its historical accuracy, and to the faithful pictures it presents of the characters of the negro chiefs. That of Toussaint, especially, is drawn with a faithful adherence to those distinguishing traits which mark him as one of the greatest men,—if not, all things considered, the greatest man—of his age. We are sure that our readers will all agree with us, that we could not devote the same space of the paper to anything more instructive and entertaining.

Our readers will recollect the following paragraph in the last letter of our Boston Correspondent. An esteemed correspondent sends us the epigram which follows the extract:

Lieut. Col. Isaac H. Wright has been a prominent Democrat, but especially remarkable for his zeal in the Anti Capital Punishment movement, and for the eloquence with which he used to assert the *inviolability of human life!* Truly there is a great difference between a bullet and a penny-cord!

AN EPIGRAM.

"O, virtuous fight,
When Wright with Wright wars who shall be most Wright."
Troilus and Cressida. (*modernized.*)

Wright, loving self, detests the gallows,
For he, like others, has a neck;
Still loving self, he grows quite callous
To cutting throats at Slavery's beck;
For he, like others, too, has heels,
Himself his own protective tariff,—
But even Achilles' feet, he feels,
Were bootless quite to 'scape the Sheriff.

Letter from Mr. Hibbard.

We publish this person's letter, as he considers it of so much importance as to offer payment for its insertion. We have not ventured to meddle, except in punctuation, with his form of expression. The important document comes before the world as it was written. If our readers fail to appreciate that importance, we cannot be blamed.

It is proper to state that we have given no extract from a letter from Mr. Kingsbury. The paragraph alluded to by Mr. Hibbard was by the editor of this paper, and he alone is responsible for the language used. The fact that Mr. Kingsbury did not think it worth his while to enter into any altercation with one of Mr. Hibbard's character and reputation, of course we had from Mr. Kingsbury. We stated it, as we do now, in our own way.

☞ Dr. Bond, the well-known editor of the Advocate and Journal, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has become aroused by the peculiar method resorted to by the Church South, to propagate Christianity as she understands it. He is writing a series of letters to Judge Scarborough, of Accomac county, Va. in which his Honour hears some plain truths. In the last letter, we observe, he condemns the riotous proceedings against C. M. Clay, and adds that he will not stop to inquire whether the complaints against the editor were just or unjust. The right of free speech he considers sacred.

This is sound doctrine, and we are glad to see it asserted in such a quarter. Had it been as zealously maintained years ago, in behalf of the Abolitionists, by the class to which the Rev. Doctor belongs, it would not now be necessary to advocate it with so much zeal.

The Wilmot Proviso Passed in the House.

We have simply to announce this fact, that the Three Million Appropriation Bill with the Wilmot Proviso attached, has passed the House by a vote of 115 to 105. An amendment, however, went with it, about which, as yet, we know nothing. We forbear any speculations, therefore, till we can be certain what we are talking about. The bill has yet to pass the Senate. A vote, though in one branch only of the National Councils, for the absolute prohibition of Slavery would be a great stride in advance. But we are not yet sure that we have even that yet.

Return of Mr. Adams.

The venerable John Quincy Adams entered the House of Representatives at Washington on Saturday. He was received by that body standing and in silence. Mr. Andrew Johnson, who has occupied Mr. Adams's seat during this session, conducted him to it, and addressed him, through the Speaker, a few fitting words on his welcome return. To these Mr. Adams responded, expressing great satisfaction at being permitted to be again at his post. Members of the House of both parties crowded around him, and congratulated him on his recovery.

The Governor of Virginia recently sent to the Legislature a communication, relative to the large number of fugitive slaves said to be secreted within the fastnesses of the Dismal Swamp. The communication was, for the time, laid on the table.

Should the Legislature think it worth while to get up a hunt for these fugitives, of course the United States troops could be called upon, under the clause of the Constitution providing for the suppression of domestic insurrection. A fugitive slave is in a state of rebellion, and Mr. Winthrop of Massachusetts, we presume, would vote for supplies for the war.

News from Mexico.—The latest intelligence from Mexico is that the Congress had authorized the Government to raise $15,000,000, to carry on the war by the hypothecation of certain Church property. The rumour is that Santa Anna opposed the measure, and was shot in consequence by his soldiers. It has not, however, been confirmed.

Virginia has returned the Anti-Slavery resolutions of Vermont.

Mr. Polk sent a message to Congress on the 13th, advising a tax on tea and coffee, and the re-enlistment of the volunteers now in Mexico till the end of the war.

Good News from Delaware.—A select Committee of the Delaware Legislature has reported a bill for the abolition of Slavery in that State. There is not, it is true, much to abolish, but such a movement cannot but have a great influence on the Southern States.

Late from England.—The Steamer Sarah Sands arrived here last week. She brought intelligence of a farther advance in bread-stuffs, and increased distress among the people of Ireland.

Privateers.—The London correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser states that three privateers under letters of marque, sailed from the port of London on the 9th of January. We are only surprised that these preparations for depredations upon the commerce of the United States have been delayed so long.

☞ Our indefatigable and long-suffering friends, S. S. and A. K. Foster were mobbed at Abington, Mass. a few days since. They were permitted to lecture in peace for several evenings till they came to discuss the Church question. The mob then came to the rescue of the, holy mother Church with her peculiarly significant weapons—addled eggs.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. Severance, of Maine, for his speech in the House of Representatives on the Mexican War.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

Baltimore, Feb. 7th, 1847.

We have had another week of military excitement and hero worship. The remains of Watson, Ridgley, Thomas, Boyle, and Pearson "the heroes" of Monterey, arrived in the brig C. H. Rogers, from New Orleans, on Sunday morning. As soon as the vessel was telegraphed, the news spread "like wild-fire;" everybody was on the *qui vive* to catch o glimpse of the vessel. Crowds thronged the wharves for hours before it came to her moorings. Flags were hoisted half-mast throughout the city. Minute-guns were fired—bells were tolling. The military were marching after their bands of music in every direction, and altogether, it was quite an interesting time for Sunday, and about "glory enough for one day." The day finally wound up by an alarm of fire early in the evening, and a regular fireman's row. The "Sun" says that these firemen deserve the most condign punishment for kicking up such a row *on the Sabbath (!)* while the people were assembled for worship. It was horrifying that the *quiet of such a Sabbath* should have been thus broken in upon. But the "Sun" should remember that there are always a *few*, in every community, that don't reverence the Sabbath; they don't seem to *profit* by the *practical lessons* of Christians! therefore, no doubt, they ought to be chastised.

The funeral of Thomas took place yesterday, in Harford county. Boyle's remains were taken, the day following their arrival, to Washington, where great honours were shown them. But the great day of all comes to-morrow. Ridgeley, who, while intoxicated, fell from his horse in the streets of Monterey, and broke his neck, is to have the right in the procession, and Watson, who was *shot in the neck* (by a Mexican ball)—in the very act of giving three cheers—has the next place, and all to be followed by as many as they can scare up, of all classes, from President down; and thus glorified, these honoured remains will be deposited in Green-mount Cemetery. We don't expect to have another such glorification until another battle is fought, and more victims are made.

A free coloured woman was arrested a few days since, for having violated the laws of our State, by being absent from it over thirty days. The law imposes a fine of $50, in default of which, to be sold to pay it, and costs of court, &c. which was the result of this case, the day of sale not being fixed. This is all the legitimate result of Slavery.

Hastily yours,
N.

Letter from Philadelphia

Anti-Capital Punishment Meeting—Anti-Slavery Meeting in Franklin Hall—Addresses by Lucretia Mott and Mary Grew—Going to Church, and going to Meeting—Purchase of Frederick Douglass.

My Dear Friend:—You are probably aware that a fortnight since a meeting of women was held in this city, on the subject of Capital Punishment. The meeting was one of great interest. An address on the subject, written by a member of the Committee of Arrangement, Mira Townsend, was read. Forms of petitions to the Legislature to abolish the death penalty were adopted. Within the short space of time since that meeting, thousands of signatures have been obtained by those who undertook to circulate them. The happy results of this effort—for though the final object be not yet obtained, it doubtless will be at no distant day—induced some who are also interested in the Anti-Slavery cause, to make arrangements for holding a meeting of women on that subject. Application was made for the same place in which the Anti Capital Punishment meeting was held—the "Lecture-room of the Museum"—but unhappily without success, the atmosphere around that building not raising the moral thermometer to the "letting point." Courage, however! "There is a better time a coming," if we may judge by the meeting that was held on Saturday afternoon, in Franklin Hall, a spacious room in Sixth, near Arch, a central part of the city, and in sight of the spot where our own beautiful Pennsylvania Hall once stood. Several hundred women were present, and though a large number were those who are accustomed to attend Anti-Slavery meetings, yet fully one-third were of those to whom such an attendance was a novelty. By the way, observe the difference in the organization of individuals; one person remarked at the close, "what an excellent meeting; but I am sorry the hall was not crowded: so many thousands in this city who ought to have been here." "Were you not perfectly delighted," says another, "to see so many new faces, and the benches so well filled?"

The meeting was organized by the appointment of officers. The President, Paulina S. Wright, stated the objects of the meeting to be, to interest those present in circulating petitions to Congress and our State Legislature on the subject of Slavery, and in Anti-Slavery in general; spoke of the scenes she had lately witnessed in Baltimore, such as would have made her an Abolitionist had she not been one before.

As a fitting preliminary to business, the Secretary, H. L. Stickney, read the Declaration of Sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Society, formed in this city in 1833—on which Lucretia Mott, who was present at that Convention, commented, giving forth words of encouragement and cheer in view of what had been accomplished by the promulgation of the principles therein set forth. The whole country is now excited by the subject; in religious organizations and legislative bodies the spirit has been awakened which must break every yoke. As an illustration of the progressive spirit of the age, in reference to the action of women, she read a letter from E. Burritt, giving an account of a meeting held in Exeter, England, to receive the reply to an address on the subject of Peace, sent to them last summer, signed by upwards of three thousand women of this city—also an address from the women of Edinburgh to the women of the United States, on the subject of Slavery. Mary Grew then addressed the audience: urged those present to work in the Anti-Slavery cause. In words of power she depicted the nature of Slavery; read extracts from the slave codes of several States which sustain the accursed system. In reply to the question which each one would ask whose heart really felt for the slaves, "what can *I* do?" she urged, first to cease from doing evil—in purchasing the cotton, sugar, and rice, to raise which, their brother was enslaved and classed with the beasts of the field—then, on all occasions to testify against the crime; to give their sympathy to the slave, and their rebukes to the slaveholder, thus forming a "public sentiment," the real power of the nation, in favour of freedom for all men. Asked if those who complained that Abolitionists went too fast and too far—if they would thus complain if they themselves were the victims of the system. The whole was a touching appeal on behalf of the slave. The meeting certainly has not been held in vain.

This Sabbath, unlike most others, has found me in two religious assemblies. Chance led me into a congregation of German Catholics, who "*perform*" their worship in the basement of a huge pile of brick and mortar, which is to become in the course of the year a fitting receptacle for the rites of the hoary institution of Catholicism. The room at present occupied is fitted up with altar, pictures, and images—the cast-off glories of another house, but serving with the "official transactions" of the priest and his attendants to impress upon the trusting multitude the idea that by presenting themselves in this sanctuary they were paying acceptable worship to their God. I, of course, wisely wished that all the time and money and good feeling here swallowed up, might have gone forth to bless the outcasts and the captive.

The evening found me in a meeting of the Friends. What a contrast in the accompaniments. In the place of the "chaunts of the Catholic," was the "silence" of the Friend, which doubtless may be as much a *form* in the one as the other—with this advantage, however, the *acting*, if it be acting, is not so apparent in the latter.

The purchase of Douglass is exciting a good deal of talk among the Abolitionists of our city. I cannot fill my sheet better than by giving you an extract from a letter of a mutual friend, who gives voice to a very common feeling on the subject:

* * * * * * *

Yes, Douglass is "clever," but he is on *lower* ground than that on which he used to stand. Though I feel not the slightest disposition to blame him, I feel very sorry that he could not *dare*, as he used to do, the malignity of his master and the slavocracy. He will no longer seem to move about in the furnace, heated, by his eloquence, "seven times hotter" than ever was heated for any other runaway, and yet unharmed, without the smell of fire on his garments, looking upon his persecutors as a superior being under the protection of an immediate providence. If he had remained in America, where he was constantly needing the exercise of the martyr's faith to sustain him, he would never have doubted its efficiency. And if Auld had been so reckless as to seize him—just conceive the spectacle! How Abolitionists would have gathered about him! how he would have pleaded his own cause, giving the nation assurance of a *man!* and if the Judge were low spirited enough to be satisfied with anything less than "a bill of sale from the Almighty," then how the sympathetic bystanders, having no principle against slaveholding and dealing in human flesh, would have raised the money, and, almost indignant, hurled it at the head of the master, who could claim a slave is such a full souled being. Thus the injustice of the demand would be forced upon their consideration, and they would learn to look upon the system in its *true light*, and come to see and acknowledge the consistency of Abolitionists refusing to give on such occasions. Algerine slaveholding is not the same. They *steal* slaves, hold them as plunder; and receiving money may prevent the stealing of another. No man who gets off from them thinks of their having any further claim. As to the passports and all that, it looks specious; but one can keep out of the way of such exactions,—and if submitted to the principle involved is but money value. Governments have no right to pester and rob travellers, to be sure, but if they do, the sufferer may indemnify himself in many ways. But buying and selling men is usurpation as well as robbery; it is putting a price upon what is inestimable, seizing upon what is inalienable; it is destroying what is indestructable; it is a system of contradictions, which jars every sense of justice, humanity and love; is discordant with all our ideas of a being responsible to God alone for the talents with which he is endowed.

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Notes on New Books.

The Herald of Truth, a Monthly Periodical, Vol. 1, Nos. 1 & 2. Cincinnatti.

The editor of this new magazine is L. A. Hine, of whom we know nothing more than what we have been able to gather from these two numbers of his work. But judging from the character of his essays we shall be glad to hear from him again. The essay on Simplicity of Truth is written with clearness, vigour, and an evident honesty of purpose which argue well for one who professes to be a herald of Truth. Although there is no distinct declaration of Anti-Slavery principles in the new periodical, we hail it as a co-worker in the great cause of emancipation; for who advocates truth must be on the side of liberation from all evil.—R.

The Philosophy of Magic, from the French of Eusebe Salvater. With Notes, &c. by Anthony Todd Thomson. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers: 1847.

These neat volumes make a valuable addition to the "New Miscellany," of the Messrs. Harpers. It was the object of the author to explain away the supernatural character of those prodigious events of sacred and profane history which have always been regarded as miracles, but the English editor has thought proper to expunge all the references to Holy Writ which are contained in the original. It is about time that philosophers came to some understanding respecting the doctrine of special providence; theologians and *savans* should have a World's Convention, and establish a basis of faith, that children may be taught consistently in school and in church. As affairs go now the priest and the pedagogue are antagonists, what one proclaims a lie the other proves a truth, and between the two the lambs grow up in the worst description of infidelity, an infidelity to their own senses. If the Evangelical Convention, instead of establishing the point that men-stealers might be good Christians, had established a platform from which both priests and pedagogues could teach, they would not have earned the contempt of all good men as they did.—R.

Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare, Nos. 131, 132.

This superb edition of Shakspeare is rapidly drawing to a close. The present numbers contain a part of the biography of the poet, beautifully illustrated with fine engravings from actual views of Shaksperian localities. When finished it will form the most complete edition of the works of the great dramatist that has ever been issued.

The same publishers have recently issued:

Lives of Eminent Mechanics. By Henry Howe.
The Battles of Life. By Dickens.
Daniel Dennison. By Mrs. Hoffland.
The Huguenot. By James.
The Pictorial History of England. No. 17.

Mary Howitt's Ballads and other Poems. Wiley & Putnam. New-York: 1847.

Mrs. Howitt says in the preface to her poems, that she has been all her life, a passionate admirer of ballad-poetry. The reader of her ballads will vouch for it. No one but an admirer of ballads would ever dream of composing them, but a genuine lover of old ballads would never think of publishing, even if he were tempted to make them. Writing ballads in these days is like building Gothic churches. We may imitate the mere forms with tolerable success, but the truthful and earnest spirit which alone makes the originals so fascinating to us, we cannot infuse into our imitations. Mrs. Howitt's ballads are pretty imitations, but they are as far removed from the originals as stucco is from marble. Her miscellaneous poems are better, because they are more genuine expression of feeling. They are too well known to need quoting. Mrs. Howitt confesses herself terribly sensitive on the subject of criticism, which we wonder at greatly, considering how long she has been engaged in authorcraft. The volume is dedicated, in a few tender, wifely words, to her husband, "best counsellor and teacher," and her "literary associate, for a quarter of a century."—R.

Supernaturalism of New England, by J. G. Whittier. New-York. Wiley & Putnam: 1847.

The superstition of New England would have been a better title for this pleasant little volume, which contains nearly all the traditional witch stories which may still be heard in the quiet nooks of Massachusetts. Mr. Whittier loves these old superstitions for the sake of their poetry, while he has a wholesome appreciation of the mischievous effects of such idle tales on the minds of children and weaklings. For our own part, we think it is about time that the devil and all his sooty machinery were banished from our popular literature. There is poetry enough in truth and Nature without seeking for embellishments in the ignorance or wickedness of past ages.—R.

To Correspondents.

M. H. of S. H. is informed that the paper is sent gratuitously to the Seminary there.

V. N. In his last letter, sending two names for Lumberton, he enclosed only $1. We call his attention to the mistake, as he says "two enclosed."

E. F. M. His communication shall appear next week.

J. C. H. It was a stupid blunder in the acknowledgments, which we have tried once or twice to have corrected. The remittance is perfectly correct and understood, and properly entered.

W. P. It will keep a week. But don't be be discouraged. Just now we are crowded.

J. W. L. Amen! to his pious wish.

M. W. C. We know the name is right, as we happen to have some volumes of the "Revue des Colonies." It is now, however, discontinued, and there is no certainty of his place of residence. We are glad to have the others for our friend, of whose project we will write further.

J. B. S. Jr. Will have received a letter by mail.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry:* Confidential Epistle from the Marshal to Charlie. *Miscellany:* A Tale of the South; Sermon—Unity and Peace; The Story of a Fukeer; The Dove in the Cannon; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Communications:* Letter from Mr. Hibbard; Expatriation; Social Influence of our German Population; Unity of Action; Letter from John Knox; Letter from Kentucky; New-Year's Day, 1847.

Second Page.—*Selections:* The "Streak Letter" of Elizur Wright to Henry B. Stanton; Letter from Rev. Edward A. Fuller; Extract from Speech of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio.

Married,

In Boston, by the Rev. Dr. Gannett, Samuel E. Guild, Attorney at Law, to Elizabeth Henderson Rice, daughter of Henry G. Rice, Esq.

At Mansfield, Ohio, on the 19th ultimo, by Rev. Geo. Maxwell, Mr. James Monroe, of Oberlin, to Miss Elizabeth Maxwell, of the former place.

Died.

In this city, February 9th, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Frederick A. Heath, of Boston, and daughter of Henry H. Tuckerman, Esq.

In Hudson, Mrs. Sarah Macy, relict of the late Capt. Seth G. Macy, aged 71 years.

On the 12th instant, at Jamaica, Long Island, Stephen Stillwell, of this city, aged 87 years.

At Fort Cumberland, N. B. January 21st, Samuel Gay, Esq. in his 93d year, a native of Boston; he was a brother of the late Hon. Ebenezer Gay, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and a graduate at Harvard University, in the class of 1775.—*Boston Courier.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

The People's Journal proposes to get up a remonstrance against American Slavery, to be signed by 3,000,000.

White boys are fined and black boys are *whipped* in Richmond, Va. for playing marbles in the street.

J. Q. Adams is so far recovered as to be able to go to Washington.

Mrs. Sigourney is writing in favour of Temperance, in the New-York Organ.

Reider, the German, who killed his wife, is to be hanged at Pittsburgh, on the 30th of April next.

Post Office Rules.—Under date of the 29th, W. J. Brown, Second Assistant Postmaster General, says:

"Now, as before the passage of the Post Office law of 1845, publishers of newspapers may transmit their bills for subscriptions due, free of postage, according to the provisions of Section 156 of the Post Office regulations."

An Irish paper says, that Sir William Hamilton claims to have discovered, by mathematical calculation, the point around which the sun revolves, carrying with him the planets as satellites. He also believes that the new planet Leverrier, has a ring like Saturn.

Hon. John Davis is again chosen a United States Senator, by the Massachusetts Legislature.

The ladies of Newburyport, Mass, have presented a gold ring to Caleb Cushing.

An Anti-Slavery meeting has been held in Wilmington, Del. which was addressed by C. C. Burleigh and Dr. Elder.

They buy meat by the yard in South America.

Brewster's Building, New Haven, was destroyed by fire a few nights since.

The whites of Mercer county, Ohio, will not permit the coloured people to have grain ground at their mills! They ask for bread, and not even a stone is given them

The charters of the Plainfield bank, New Jersey, and the Lehigh bank, Pennsylvania, have been repealed. They belonged principally to Moses Y. Beach & sons.

The Hutchinsons are to sing in Albany on the 27th instant.

The people of Syracuse decline making that town a city.

A riot has occurred on the New-York and Erie railroad, near Otisville. A portion of the labourers called Shamrock men were determined to monopolize the whole labour. They were defeated by the Dutch.

An overseer was killed in Arkansas a short time since, by a negro slave whom he was whipping.

Senator Bagby says that the sacking of forty Monterays and the consequent slaughter of Mexican women and children, should weigh as nothing against the tears of one American widow and one American orphan.—What a glorious patriot!

The dehumanizing influences of war are shown in the following extract from a letter published in the Tribune, from one Capt. J. R. B. Gardiner:

I am the fifth Captain in my Regiment, and the thirty-ninth for promotion to a majority over a dozen or two, of whom Time is shaking his scythe most menacingly, and it is to be hoped the Mexicans will "do for" the balance. Soldiering is a delightful business. Our occupation is to dig graves for our enemies, and clamber to preferment over those of our friends.

The Friends of this city are debating whether they shall disown some of the younger members of the Society who have joined the Odd Fellows.

It is proposed to connect Cincinnatti and St. Louis by a railroad.

The police of Rio de Janerio are all blacks.

Lyell, the geologist, asserts that there is more coal in the single State of Illinois, than in all Europe.

The railroad bridge over the Susquehannah river at Harrisburgh, is about four thousand feet in length, and cost $95,000.

William Pleasants, a free negro, has been sold in Richmond, Va. to pay his jail fees.

The Le Verrier Planet it appears, from recent dicoveries, is approaching the earth. It is said to travel at the rate of a million and a half miles in twenty-four hours. It is now nearly visible with the naked eye.

A speculating Yankee is about to sail from Canton in a Chinese junk, for this country. She is to be filled with all manner of Chinese knick-knacks, for sale and exhibition.

Toast given at the 4th of July dinner in Oregon—*By Col. James Taylor.*—The orator of the day *done* well his task.

Miss Fuller, in a letter to the Tribune says, that at the house of Dr. Southwood Smith, near London, she saw the skeleton of Jeremy Bentham, dressed in his own clothes, and with a portrait mask in wax. She describes the figure as rather an agreeable one. Bentham left his body by will to Dr Smith, for dissection.

A New Orleans newspaper contains this advertisement:—"For sale, an excellent young horse: would suit any timid lady or gentleman, *with a long silver tail!*"

"Recieved by Lightning—Printed by Steam!" is the stereotyped head of the telegraphic news in the *Buffalo Courier.*

Villainous Outrage.—On Thursday evening last, the office of the "Voice of the People," the Equal Rights organ, published at Delhi, Delaware Co. was broken into, and the type for one half the paper, which was set up to work off the next day taken off, together with the subscription list. The burglars are unknown. The outrage was perpetrated, it is supposed, to prevent the publication of certain anticipated strictures of a personal character.

Relief for Ireland.—The bark Edward Koppisch, is announced to sail for Ireland on Monday or Tuesday next, and John Tyler, Esq. states in his advertisement that trunks or bundles of clothing, for the suffering poor of that country, will be taken freight free. We doubt not that many of our liberal citizens will avail themselves of this opportunity.—*Boston Transcript.*

According to the census of 1840, New Hampshire, the least enlightened, the worst governed, and consequently the least thrifty State in New England, with a population of 284,574, has 83,682 common school pupils, while Maine, with a more intelligent, better governed, and consequently more prosperous population of 501,793, has 164,477 scholars at the common schools. Thus in an aggregate population of 786,367, there are 248,159 scholars; while in fifteen slave States, including the 396,000 miles of Texan territory, and excluding twice or thrice as much more conquered territory, soon to be annexed to the Union for the purpose of creating more slave States, there are but 204,003 common school pupils in a population of 7,449,431.—*Cor. Boton Courier.*

The following list of the wealthy men of Boston is going the rounds of the papers. Thousands have suffered all the wretchedness of poverty, that these people might be rich:

Names.	*Born in.*	*Now worth.*	*Made it by.*
Peter C. Brooks	Maine	$6,000,000	Real estate.
John P. Cushing	Mass.	2,000,000	China trade.
Abbott Lawrence	"	2,000,000	Trade first, then manufacturing.
Amos Lawrence	"	1,500,000	
William Lawrence	"	1,000,000	
Thomas H. Perkins	"	1,000,000	China trade.
Samuel Appleton	New	1,000,000	Trade first.
Nathan Appleton	Hampshire.	1,000,000	then manufac
William Appleton		1,000 000	turing.
Jonathan Phillips	Mass.	1,000,000	Born rich.
Robert G. Shaw	"	1,000,000	do. do.
William Sturges	"	1,000,000	Trade.
John Wells	"	1,000,000	Born rich.
Thos. Wigglesworth	"	1,000,000	do. and trade.
John D. Williams	"	1,000,000	Liquor trade.
David Sears	"	1,500,000	Born rich.

Total—16 persons worth $24,500,000

Nathan Beman, who was Ethan Allan's Guide at the capture of Ticonderoga, and when the fort was surrentered in the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress, died at Chatenugay, Franklin county, on the 22d ultimo.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from February 8th, to February 15th.

E D Phelps, Brewerton, N Y		50
Charles T. Douglass, Central Square, N Y		50
Wm. D. Hendrickson, South Richland,	"	50
Susan Fish, Rochester,	"	50
Lewis Bullard, Boston,	"	1 00
John Williams,	"	1 00
Abner Sanger, Danvers, Mass		1 00
Luther Bartlett, Brookfield, Vt		2 00
Thomas Conklin, Lamberton, Ohio,		1 00
Henry Conklin,	"	1 00
		9 00

DONATIONS.

Collections by S. S. and A. K. Foster, for the American Anti-Slavery Society.

E. King, Hopkinton, Mass		5 00
Francis Leland, Milford, Mass		50
Otis Thayer,	"	1 00
Wm. Cain,	"	50
E. A. Godfrey,	"	1 00
E. A. Corson,	"	50
Friends,	"	1 23
Albert Kelley, Auburn, Mass		2 00
Esek Pitts, Millbury,	"	1 00
Samuel Griffin, Worcester, Mass		50
Caleb Cutting,	"	50
D. Roberts,	"	25
Isaac Goddard,	"	1 00
Samuel Davis,	"	94
Nathan Mayo,	"	1 00
Royal Southwick, Lowell, Mass		2 00
Friends,	"	7 67
James Harlow, Plymouth, Mass		1 00
Phebe P. Blackmer,	"	50
Bourne Spooner,	"	5 00
Frances M. Mackey, Concord, Mass		50
Wm. F. Brett, North Bridgewater, Mass		25
Collection, Abington, Mass		18 02
Sarah Wilks,	"	50
Samuel Reed, East Abington, Mass		1 00
		53 36

Total Amount, $62.36
FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

MEETINGS.

William W. Brown, the distinguished American slave, will lecture at the following places, as follows:

Waterloo, Sunday, March	7, at half-past 6, P. M.	
Mottville, Monday,	8th	"
Marcellus, Tuesday,	9th	"
Fayetteville, Wednesday	10th	"
Cazenovia, Thursday,	11th	"
Madison, Friday,	12th	"
Bridgewater, Saturday,	13th	"
Unadilla Forks, Sunday,	14th	"
West Exeter, Monday,	15th	"

The well-known advocate of the slave's cause, Dr. E. D. Hudson, will hold meetings as follows:

Unadilla Forks, Wednesday, February	24th
Leonardsville, Thursday & Friday,	25 & 26
Edmeston, Saturday and Sunday,	" 27 & 28
Burlington Flats, Monday and Tuesday, March	1 & 2
Oakville, Wednesday,	" 3
Cooperstown, Thursday and Friday,	" 4 & 5
Clarksville, Saturday and Sunday,	" 6 & 7
Middlefield, Monday and Tuesday,	" 8 & 9
Cherry Valley, Wednesday and Thursday,	" 10 & 11
Springfield, Friday and Saturday,	" 12 & 13
Little Lake, Sunday,	" 14
Richfield, Monday,	" 15

Meetings to commence at 1 and half-past 6, P. M.

W. W. Brown and Dr. Hudson will join each other on Tuesday, March 16th, and thereafter hold meetings in conjunction, as follows. The friends of the slave in the different places will not forget to anticipate their arrival, and make all the necessary arrangements for the meetings.

Litchfield, Wednesday, March	17th
Frankfort, Thursday and Friday,	18th and 19th
Mohawk, Saturday and Sunday,	20th and 21st
Herkirmer, Monday and Tuesday,	22d and 23d
Little Falls, Wed. and Thursday,	24th and 25th
Fairfield, Friday and Saturday,	26th and 27th
Middleville, Sunday,	28th
Newville, Monday and Tuesday,	29th and 30th
St. Johnsville, Wed. & Thur. March,	31st and April 1st.
Palatine, Frid. and Saturday, April,	2d and 3d
Fort Plain, Sunday and Monday,	4th and 5th
Johnstown, Tuesday and Wednesday,	6th and 7th
Mayfield, Thursday and Friday,	8th and 9th
Amsterdam, Saturday and Sunday,	10th and 11th
Schenectady, Monday and Tuesday,	12th and 13th
Albany, Wednesday and Thursday,	14th and 15th

Meetings to commence at one and half-past six, P. M.
Farmington, 2d mo. 11, 1847.
J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt. for N. Y.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

A series of Anti-Slavery meetings will be held in Chester county, at the places and times mentioned below, all of which will be attended by Charles C. Burleigh, and perhaps other speakers. The Abolitionists in their respective neighbourhoods are requested to do their part to make these meetings interesting and profitable occasions, by spreading ample notice and insuring full gatherings of the people.

Pikeland Seminary, near Chester Spring, 7th day, 20th, at 7, P. M.
Valley Hill Meeting House, 1st day, 21st, at 2, P. M.
Downington, 2d day, 22d, at 6 1-2 P. M.
E. Fallowfield Peoples' Hall, 3d day, 23d, at 6 1-2 P.M.
Cochranville, 5th day, 25th, at 2 P. M.
EDWIN FUSSELL, Sec.

PAWTUCKET ANNUAL FAIR.

The anti-slavery women of Pawtucket will hold their Eleventh Annual Fair at the hall of Pawtucket Hotel, commencing on Wednesday, February 27th, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The usual supply of fancy and useful articles, together with refreshments of all kinds, will be furnished in abundance; and it is hoped that a generous public, as heretofore, will continue to aid the patient efforts of a few benevolent women, who are labouring for the overthrow of chattel slavery.

BRISTOL COUNTY.

The quarterly meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Town Hall, in Fall River, on Saturday, February 27th, and will probably continue through the next day. Efforts will be made to secure the attendance of Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster, Parker Pillsbury, and other speakers. The friends of the cause are earnestly requested to assemble in full force, and secure an interesting meeting.

W. P. ATKINSON, *Cor. Sec.*

CLARKSON SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Association will be held in the Hall at Cochranville, on Seventh-day, the 20th instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

SIMMONS COATES, *Rec. Sec.*

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AT WATERLOO.

On Thursday, February 25th and 26th, 1847.

The friends of the slave are earnestly solicited to bear in mind this Fair. The time is short for making preparations, therefore what thy hand findeth to do let it be done with thy might. Let every one do *something*. Let Freedom's offerings be brought together on that day and laid upon the altar, and each heart consecrated anew to the work of the redemption of the bondman.

A large quantity and great variety of articles are already made up. Come and buy. In addition to all the other beautiful and nice things to be found at the Fair, will be the LIBERTY BELL FOR 1847.

By request of the Committee,
J. C. HATHAWAY.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The board of managers of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, with the approbation of the society given at its annual meeting, have concluded to hold, during the present winter, a series of conventions throughout the county. The present is a most auspicious time for action; shall we not improve it well? One hour now to speak plain truths to the people, is worth more than days, years ago; *then* the evils of Slavery were regarded as metaphysical abstractions—*now* they are *felt* as all too real. The nation is engaged in a murderous aggression on a neighbouring people, in order that slaveholders may still bear sway in its councils by accessions to their power, and that the weak may still be plundered with impunity. A vast territory (now free) is to be forced from Mexico by the horrors of war, and united to this country for Slavery to grow and fatten upon forever—this fact is arousing the people of the North, and they are no only willing, but anxious to listen to the truth spoken plainly. Let the Abolitionists of each neighbourhood, where it is desirable to have a meeting, consider themselves a committee to procure a place for holding it, and to make all other preparations necessary, and inform he secretary of the Board by letter, directed to Kimberton. Early attention to this request is desirable—as it will give time to make the necessary preparations to insure good meetings.

The first of the series will be held at Lawrenceville on First-day, the 27th, at 10 o'clock. A. M. and will probably be continued for two days.

EDWIN FUSSELL, Secretary.

Twelth Month, 1846.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Tickets of membership may be obtained at 142 Nassau St. price 25 cts. Friends from the country wishing tickets, to constitute themselves and any of their friends members of the League, may obtain them by remitting the money and names with the residence of each, when the tickets properly filled up, will be forwarded to them by mail.

The Anti-Slavery League is an Association formed in London, of which George Thompson, Esq. is President, and which is intended to include all, in all parts of the world, who can adopt the Principle of the League, which is thus expressed on the ticket:

"Slaveholding, under all conceivable circumstances, is a heinous sin, and ought to be immediately abandoned."

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1845.	a 4.87½
Pearl	a 5.37½
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	26 a 28
Stearic do.	a
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	6.50 a .
Newcastle	6.25 a 6.50
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6.50
Authracite, 2,000lbs	6.00 a 7.00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9 a 10½
Sumatra	7½ a 7¾
Porto Rico	a
Laguayra	7½ a 8¼
Cuba	a
Brazil	7 a 7½
St. Domingo	6 a 6½
COTTON.	
New Orleans	10¼ a 12½
Alabama	10¼ a 13½
Florida	10¼ a 12½
Upland	10½ a 12½
Upland, fair	11½ a 12½
Upland, good and fair	12½ a

Poetry.

From the Independent Democrat.

CONFIDENTIAL EPISTLE FROM THE "MARSHAL" TO "CHARLIE!"

Oh! Charlie, woe is me to write
How in our shoes we're shaking;
How o'er our bare, defenceless heads
The thunder-storm is breaking.

Old Father Isaac fails to wield
The staff to him relinquished,
Upon that memorable day,
By Franklin "the distinguished."

When "Little 'Squire Barstow" fell,
Like Marshal Ney upon us,
And all the people seemed as if
They were about to stone us.

That "Settled Texas Question" still,
With wilfulness surprising,
Crosses our pathway day and night
Like Banquo's ghost uprising.

'T is all in vain we try the game
Of falsehood and of swagger;
As in Macbeth's, so in our sight,
Still gleams its bloody dagger.

"It will not down," the ministers
Are preaching to the people,
Until we seem to hear our knell
Toll'd out from every steeple.

Our graceless Church refuses too
To fight in Slavery's battle,
And prays AGAINST the Southern war
And FOR the Southern cattle.

Oh for a "Gag," to stop their mouths,
They cease their prating never;
But Patton's name and Atherton's
Have lost their charm forever.

As 't is, we've ta'en sway our shield,
Between them and the doubters,
And given them over to the scourge
Of "Garrison come-outers!"*

And Fowler, too, with quiet smile,
Perish his erudition,
Brings in one monstrous dusty load,
Our olden abolition.†

Wherein we talked, like "Traitor Hale,"
Of Southern crime and knavery,
And hesitated not to curse
This "corner stone" of Slavery.

Here's "one Bill Grove," to whom you sent
Your "Documents" and speeches,
Ungrateful for the kindly care,
The "nigger" doctrine preaches.

At bar-rooms and rum-cellars he
Makes up his ugly faces,
And tramples with his Vandal foot
On these our sacred places.‡

And there's—Oh! Charlie, dool to tell,
Despite our flagellation,
The rebels come in locust swarms
Beyond all 'numeration.

We 've fed them from our ancient crib,
We 've done our very best—Oh!
Our "Rough and Ready" they have had,
And "LIE-MAN manifesto."

Our own we've charged to Federal rule,
By lying pettifogein;;
Waged war upon the "little birds,"
And been a "Polly wog"-ging.§

That "bad old man," sub rosa Charles,
That could so deftly ce:zen;
We missed it when "we took him back,"
He did not bring a dozen.

And there he sits upon "HIS POST,"
All dim and weak his sight is;
A new edition simplified
Of "one" Simon Stylites.

'T is all in vain; the people mock
Our labours with their scorning:
There is no star above our heads,
And for our night no morning.

The gallows that we built for "Jack,"
Hangs victimless to-day, man,
And, every time its timbers creak,
It speaks to us of Haman.

Was it for this we soil'd our souls,
Though native to the manner,
And over Slavery's horrors flung
Our black and pirate banner?

Was it for this we stooped to kiss
The foot upon us set,
And wear upon our recreant lips
Its human blood prints yet?

Was it for this that we became
The tyrants' tools and knaves,
With craven hearts and lying tongues,
The very slave of slaves?

The baying hounds of Slavery here
Upon New England's soil?
And bartered heart and soul away
For office and for spoils?

But farewell, Charlie, we 're undone;
'T is vain the truth to smother:
In hopeless grief I write myself—
Your DOUBLE VOTING BROTHER.

To the Rt. Hon. Charlie Gag:

HONOURED SIR:—It is very doubtful if you hear from the "Marshal" again. He has of late exhibited unequivocal signs of a premature decline, both intellectually and physically—at least such is the opinion of those who have lately become acquainted with his writings and (heaven save the mark,) his speeches. However, his earlier friends may be the better judges of this matter—that he is gone is certain.

"One Tilden," on the Sabbath last,
At war made sundry passes,
The "Marshal," with exploding wrath,
Went off among the Gases.

I would respectfully suggest the propriety of your mentioning to his Majesty, Polk the First, the necessity of appointing another Marshal. You are aware of my political services, *and so forth*. Should the "Marshal" resolve himself back again there need be no difficulty in the premises, as the honours of *such* an office are of sufficient importance to absorb the dignity of two *such* men.

Yours, truly,
TREW OXGOAD.

Notes by the Printer.

*It is rumoured that the "Rough and Ready," and kindred *spirits*, have withdrawn their support from the Church.

†See the Report of our Legislature, in answer to the Resolutions of Virginia, in 1829.

‡See late number of the "Rough and Ready," the jewel of the Radical party.

§We suppose the "Marshal" alludes here to the fact that the Radical press has been endeavouring to make capital of the law for the protection of birds which his own party were so forward in voting for—and to the other fact, that Col. Palmer may now consider himself done for.

‖See radical title of Ex-Governor Hill, in 1843, when almost everything, except honesty, was charged against him. It is somewhat amusing, after Isaac had been resolved out of the party and consigned over to Federalism without benefit of clergy, to see him again at "his post," as leader of the party, and that, too, without his hinting once at the word repentance.

Miscellany.

From the Liberty Bell.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY JANE ELIZABETH JONES.

In the mansion of a Southern slaveholder, on a luxurious couch reclined a youth of some twelve or fourteen years of age. The gorgeous curtain excluded the softened light of a September sun, and somewhat deepened the shade of thoughtfulness that rested upon the intelligent face of that young boy. His thoughts dwelt not upon the circumstances of his present life—in the remembrance of other days he forgot the splendor of his uncle's mansion, the boundless wealth by which he was surrounded, and the multitude of slaves who stood prepared to do his bidding. The recollections of his childhood came througing up before him—he stood again in the presence of his venerable grandfather when the hour of death drew nigh—he felt the pressure of the trembling hand, and listened to the failing voice of that good old man, as in the simple accents of undying love, he said, "Henry, grandfather hopes thee will be a good boy, and always try to do right." Precious to the youth was this remembrance, and the after knowledge of the sacrifices made by that relative whose obedience to the "inward light," had led him to give freedom to nearly four hundred bondmen whom he had claimed as his, impressed this language upon the soul of the child so that it might never be effaced. He remembered, too, the weekly gatherings he used to attend in the little Quaker meeting-house, where his grandmother bore her testimony against Slavery, and urged upon all the necessity of following the example of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive. And as memory rolled back yet farther the tide of time, he remembered that his deceased father, too, had sacrificed his Southern feelings and Southern property, and exchanged the character of slaveholder for that of Abolitionist.

A piteous shriek aroused him from his reverie. He sprang to his feet, and drawing aside the curtain that he might obtain a better view, beheld a sight that deeply moved his soul. One of the female hands on the plantation, had, from sheer inability, lagged behind in her allotted labour, and the whip of the brutal overseer was urging her on to her task. The countenance of the young Southerner flushed with indignation, for he had long felt Slavery to be a curse. The blandishments of slaveholding relatives, and the promise of a slave inheritance had not been able to efface the teachings of his earlier life. "Oh! how long," said he, "shall these poor creatures suffer? How long shall bodies be chained and lacerated, and souls degraded? Shall the power of the oppressor never be broken? Slavery thou art accursed, and by the memory of my venerated grandfather, and by the love I bear my parents, boy as I am, I will do what I can to destroy it."

The lad had always been a favourite with the slaves, for young "Massa Henry" had ever a pleasant look and a kind word for them. From this time, he interested himself more in their affairs, and entirely gained their confidence. Of the one hundred and seventy on the estate, many did not hesitate to express to him their deep abhorrence of slavery, and their intense desire for liberty. On one occasion five strong and stalwart men made known to him their determination to seek a land of freedom, in case he thought it could be done without recapture. He gave assurance that he would aid them, and though the attempt would be hazardous to both them and him, yet he advised them, by all means, to try it. He promised to write passes, and when a suitable opportunity presented, to give them all necessary instruction. A fitting time soon arrived. His uncle and aunt had gone on a visit from which he had been excused on the plea of sickness. He had travelled extensively through the Southern States, and was possessed of much valuable knowledge which he could apply for the fugitive's benefit. As a pass would not serve for more than twenty-five or thirty miles, he wrote five for each, deeming that number sufficient to take them to a free State. After the labours of the day were ended, he repaired to the negro quarters. Here a difficulty met him. None of the slaves could read, and how were they to distinguish one pass from another? If the wrong one was shown, it would bring all parties concerned into difficulty and great danger. This was soon arranged, however. Henry thought that with a little drilling, there would be no danger of mistakes. "Now boys," said he, "be sure and remember that the pass you have in your hand will carry you to A———, then destroy it, and show the one I have pinned on the inside of the right breast of your round-about, which will take you to B———. Then use that in the right leg of your trousers, then the one in the left leg, and lastly this on the left side of your round-about, which will answer until you get into a free State." Having made them fully understand his instruction, he held out his hand and said, "good bye boys, and God bless you." In reply, one of the slaves cast a piteous glance upon him and said, "Massa Henry, are you gwine to send us away without shoes?" This caused the expedition to be deferred until the next night—he retaining the passes for safe keeping. The following day his uncle and aunt returned—were rejoiced to find their nephew so much better, and gladly assented to his request to have the coachman drive him over to P———, as he thought a little ride would do him good. When they reached the town, he sent the servant some distance on an errand, and during his absence purchased five pairs of shoes—on which he expended nearly all his pocket money—and concealed them in the carriage-box.

When night came, there were anxious hearts in the negro quarters. The five slaves assembled in the appointed place. The light of the fire before which their hoe-cake was baking, was scarcely reflected by the dark and gigantic forms that assembled around it. Hardly a word was spoken—their hatred of Slavery had arisen to its highest pitch—their intense love of freedom, and the danger consequent upon an attempt to win it, was too big for utterance. Perhaps, too, they had some misgivings of the faith or courage of the lad who had promised to befriend them. How could they be otherwise than anxious? Five strong and able-bodied men, worth, perchance, as many thousand dollars, had risked their chance for liberty, and for happiness upon the determination and humanity of one upon whom the suns of thirteen summers had scarcely shone; and who had been brought up in all the indulgence of a slaveholder's son and a slaveholder's heir. Might he not falter in his purpose? Might he not even betray them? Or at least might not weariness overcome him so that he would sleep long past the hour when their eyes should be fixed on the North star, and their feet pressing forward? Should they be detected, they would probably be sold to the far South, there to be consumed under the lingering torments of oppression, far worse even than that which they were then enduring.

But Henry failed them not—he was scarcely less anxious than they. He retired to bed, but not to sleep. His mind was dwelling upon the sufferings and degradation of the bondmen, and with a thought of their wretched condition came the cheering recollection of all that his father and grandfather had done for their redemption; and in the silence of his own heart he again heard repeated, "Henry, grandfather hopes thee will be a good boy, and always try to do right." The youth had been placed amid sore temptation, but the impression made upon him by the teachings of those he loved, was as deep and fresh upon his heart as when he listened to their counsel; and he came forth from the furnace of trial, purified by its fires, and his young spirit glowing with intense desire to give freedom to the captive. As soon as all was still, he left his chamber, glided stealthily down stairs, entered the carriage-house, obtained the shoes, and hastened to the negro hut where he was joyfully but silently welcomed by the half-doubtful, half-expectant slaves. He gave them their shoes and their passes—drilled them in the use of latter—bestowed on the company his last dollar, and then bade them farewell forever. Although their eagerness to go was very great, and they had already indulged in visions of freedom and happiness far away, yet that "farewell forever," recalled their wandering minds, and the thought of leaving him, their generous-hearted benefactor, caused them to linger on the threshold of their miserable cabin, and the deep affection of the negro heart made the strong men weep as children. Henry gained his chamber unperceived, and not many weeks after, received a newspaper which he had enveloped and directed them to send to him when they should be in safety.

This was the commencement of a life of active labour in behalf of the bondman; and before young Henry had reached the threshold of manhood, scores of fugitives blessed his name, as they cast into the rushing waters of Niagara the last fetter that bound them to degradation and Slavery; and even now, on the free soil of Canada, many an eye kindles with animation, and many a heart beats more quickly in its dusky bosom, at mention of the name of "Massa Henry."

At his uncle's decease, he became the inheritor of all his slaves; but the possession of such a property, with all the luxury and splendor it could bring, had less charm for him than the teachings of his youth. The syren voice of the tempter fell unheeded upon his ear, and his sympathy for the downtrodden of his race, remained as warm and as true as when he first pointed the bondman to the North star, and aided him in his flight from Slavery. That he might remain a friend to the poor and the oppressed—that he might cherish, undimmed, the sweet remembrance of his childhood—that he might retain a conscience void of offence toward God and man, he provided for the freedom of his slave inheritance, choosing rather to become a penniless Abolitionist than a wealthy slaveholder.

Though the name of Henry is but little known to the world, and but few of the Abolitionists, even, have become acquainted with it, yet his life has been none the less useful, nor his kindness to the slave less grateful. Should this little sketch appear improbable to any of the readers of the Liberty Bell I can assure them that these incidents, with many others of thrilling interest, I received from his own lips.

SALEM, Ohio, U. S.

We are indebted to the author, Rev. John Weiss, of Watertown, Mass. for a copy of his noble sermon on Unity and Peace, preached at Worcester, Mass. on the 10th ultimo. Its text, "The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," explains its main thought. This, he shows, in language worthy of his theme, to be the great central principle of Christianity. Our friend, however, is no barren theorist. His preaching has a practical meaning, and the ears of his hearers are made to tingle with the close application to every-day life of the truths he wishes to inculcate. We give an extract of some length from this sermon, wishing that we had room for still more of it:

What then, if this theory be true, is our duty at the present crisis? For it is perfectly frivolous to indulge in generalizations when we are expected to aid and comfort fraud and guilt. As men we wish to know, not what is popular, nor what is expedient, but what is right. Then is there any reason why we should lend our countenance and aid to the great crime which the country is now trying to perpetrate? Can there *ever* be a reason, either within or beyond the pale of party, for aiding and abetting iniquity? Will *any* motive vindicate us? Can we violate the dictates of humanity and the laws of God, and then wash our hands of the blood we spill? We answer with a decided No—with a full understanding of the position to which that negative commits us, and unable to find the shadow of a pretext by which we may compromise between a corrupt public opinion and the law of right. For the Christian there is no compromise: to him there is indeed a meaning in that much perverted phrase, "let justice be done though the heavens fall." First of all comes our duty to the Gospel, to each and every principle; and then we are bound to discharge every duty which that Gospel can allow. Wo unto us and unto our posterity, if we attempt to make the Beatitudes bend to the popular code of the day, promulgated by whatever party, under whatever name. Wo unto us, if the doctrines of political expediency, or the cant of narrow patriotism, corrupt our integrity as sons of God, as citizens of the kingdom not of this world. Wo unto us, if the faintest smile of favour for this war, or any war, lurks in our faces, which ought to be set like a flint against the iniquity: which ought to denounce it with a manly coldness and an honest frown.

It seems to me to be our duty, in our simple capacity of Christians, to refuse to have anything to do with it; we must enter our private protests,—we must endure any inconvenience or privation rather than be traitors to God. We must raise the voice of reason, and point the finger of scorn, till we have exposed the paltry emptiness of this and every war. If you, my friends, will help to make the righteousness of such a public opinion, it will have a power to issue the noble order for *Retreat*; it will turn the edge of every sword, and beat them back again into ploughshares; it will strip off the martial finery, and show the sepulchre full of dead men's bones. Its music of love will drown the hollow brass of the trumpet, and make those instruments, now provocative of murder, and hiding under their pompous clang the widow's sigh and the shriek of burning cities, sources of that inspiration which will achieve the victories of Peace. Even now, some of their fervid periods and moving harmony prophesy that future state of love. The loud, triumphant notes, bearing the soul aloft with them, nerve us to earnest deeds of virtue—their swelling and dying cadences dissolve all hearts together into the "unity of the spirit and the bond of peace."

I cannot be true to this subject, without referring to an intellectual error, which is much in vogue among us, and to which, I think, we may attribute much of the moral delinquency and timid time-serving which we witness. It is the maxim of a corrupt Government rather than of a pure Christianity. It may be pleasant in the mouth, but it is rank poison to a nation's health,—"Our country, right or wrong!" I ask you calmly to analyze that statement. A man who makes it can only do so under pretext of preventing possible disorders and the substitution of caprice for conscience. Yet his is the terrible alternative of crushing conscience beneath the possible caprices of an unjust Government! To prevent license in the individual he legalizes it in the State. And under any circumstances, nothing can be the test, or constitute the last appeal, save individual conscience. This is the Protestant right of private judgment, which, with all its freedom, we dare not, as the sons of the Pilgrims, question; and which is just as safe and valid in the civil as in the religious province. No imaginary results of private caprice can vitiate, or set aside, the vital doctrine of liberty of conscience. At any rate the present question is clear enough. To denounce a war, and then to style it treason not to support it, argues a lack of either judgment or conscience; and it is just as much an infringement of the Christian code as to clamor both for the war and the supplies. Here, if anywhere, we have an expression of licentious and irrational caprice.—Again: the unreasoning and irresponsible child owes a blind allegiance to its parents—it is the law of God and of nature, for the health and safety of the race, that the parent should be the keeper and instructer of the child's conscience, and the moulder of its will. And the result is, that for a long time filial obedience is blind, and its chief spring is faith in authority. But not so always—when the child begins to think for itself and compare actions and apply the guage of right, its allegiance is to the parent so long as he represents truth and justice, but no longer.

The claims of custom and affection may still bind him to the domestic example, even while that is partially corrupt; but the common phrase that the parent is the best judge, is safe and true, only so long as it does not infringe the youthful sense of right. The analogy between a child and its parent, and a citizen and the State, so often made, will not hold. The citizen himself *makes* the State, and it ought to be the aggregate expression of all private worth and virtue. The citizen is a free agent, standing amid God's splendors and filled with his spirit. To him the Gospel is known in all its breadth and beauty, and his first allegiance is to that, until the happy time of that Christian commonwealth, when the State and the Church will be identical, and the political code will be none other than the Beatitudes. God knows, no vestiges of such a commonwealth are yet apparent. But to hasten that future reality, it is the duty of the citizen jealously to test the requisitions of the State by the pages of the Gospel; and so far as the former seeks to reproduce that law, he will rejoice to be its adherent and instrument. But whenever it swerves from the sacred standard, and, forgetting its responsibility, caters for human passions, and drabbles its vestments with the mire—the honest citizen, the true patriot, withdraws his support with loathing and contempt. *For* our country when she is right—*against* her when she is wrong. If, on the other hand, we assume the *popular* maxim, which disgusts us in the columns of almost every newspaper, and is the scandalous text to the speeches of many public men, we shall find ourselves compromised to an unknown amount of fraud and iniquity. We shall be adroitly converted into the tools of ambition, and the hacks of party. Oh, my friends, rebuke that maxim, trample it with righteous indignation beneath your feet. If you honestly render to God the things that are God's, you will find that there are some of Cæsar's things you cannot render and preserve your integrity. He is the worst traitor a country has, who meanly supports her iniquity, and assists to consummate her shame. He is the true patriot, the best friend of an erring country, who despises her crimes and refuses his fellowship, till he has made her what she should be—the Temple of the living God. My friends, this is the creed of the Gospel; if we deny it, we shall never again have health or peace or prosperity within our borders.

I am perfectly aware that all this is likely to be called anti-national. God grant it—it is so—but why? Is it not, my friends, because it is not anti-christian? God forbid that the pulpit should ever meanly stoop to be national, at the expense of the Christ who is its chief corner-stone. God grant, my friends, that we, at least, may have a sense of Christian honour nice enough to preserve us from such infamy and to keep us worthy of the religion we profess. For there is such a thing as *honour*, dear to the heart of a Christian, dearer than his life. It was the impulse of honour known to the unresisting martyrs, in those times when the snap of the faggot was more thrilling and eloquent than the roar of cannon—when the column of smoke resting upon the saintly head was the proudest banner ever unfurled in the name of Right. There is a Christian honour, and it is as far above the honour of our self-styled patriot, as Christ is above Mars. The thought of it makes the very soul pulse with emotion—as much sweeter and more thrilling to the divinity within us, as the peace-anthem of the angels was sweeter than the recruiting drum in our streets. This honour is based upon holy love and renunciation; it neither strives nor cries, it is not the voice of a demagogue in the street. It comes to our hearts, inspiring us with love of truth and eternal justice, nerving us to all sacrifice: and its salute cannot be rolled from the hollow, blood-thirsty drum,—rather with the quick, solemn beats of the labouring heart, and the rapid dropping of the overflowing eyes. This is Gospel honour; these are the heroics of Christ and his Apostles. It heeds not the smallest crime to establish its right, not one drop of blood to moisten its roots. It is famous for no battle-field except that of the spirit, and hangs up no trophies except in the heart. It is common to all nations, uniting them "like kindred drops," not tearing them asunder in hatred and defiance. This is the honour which endureth all things rather than the judgments of God; too honourable to break the least of his commandments, though the eyes of four hemispheres flash with scorn; too truly great and noble to sacrifice a single leaf of its Bible for the balance of power, or the adjustment of claims, or for the sake of any popular cant of its time.—Choose ye this day between the false and the true honour; ye cannot serve two masters. Be on the side of God and virtue, for the very sake of the country which has yet so proud and so pure a destiny to accomplish. Represent the Gospel—proclaim the Gospel—live the Gospel: for what shall it profit our country, if it gain the whole world at the expense of its soul?

My friends, let us make a final application of our text. A single parish is a member of the general unity or discord, as the case may be. It is a picture in little of the world itself. Its diversities are not so great as those between the races; it has a common language and a common religion: therefore its unity should be closer, and the general effect of its moral order more complete. Upon us, then, as single men, devolves the task of learning and practising the Beatitudes, which are first the conditions of our union, then that of mankind's. The full meaning and extent of the truths of Jesus Christ must be held by us and practised, as our private duty, and as the preliminary to the universal unity of the spirit. This is a great subject in itself, not to be lightly examined or dismissed. Let it be sufficient now that we suffer ourselves to be impressed with a thought of the general disaster which will result if we refuse to come up to the full Gospel standard, and the general good which must follow from our private rectitude and freedom. It is the only condition of *our* unity in the bond of peace; it is the mode in which God would fulfil his Gospel prophecies. As we take the Beatitudes, and boldly carry them to their ultimates, in theory and practice—as we are willing to prove all things, and not afraid to hold that which is good—as we do the daily duty, and also consent to keep the whole range of our conceptions at the mercy of the Gospel and only by its sanction,—so shall we fulfil the purpose of Christian churches, and be the missionaries of universal unity and peace. Not in vain did Christ prophesy; his dreams were no fantastic children of a turbid brain,—but that which is to men a stumbling-block and a fond delusion, was to him nothing but practicable common sense; and our faith must be the momentum of his schemes for Unity and Peace. Amen.

From the History of the Sikhs, by W. L. M'Gregor, M. D.

THE STORY OF A FUKEER.

A fukeer, who arrived at Lahore, engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Runjeet disbelieved his assertions, and was determined to put them to proof; for this purpose the man was shut up in a wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the level of the ground; there was a folding door to this box, which was secured by a lock and key. Surrounding this apartment, there was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and out side of this a high wall, having the doorway built up with bricks and mud. Outside the whole there was placed a line of sentries so that no one could approach the building. The strictest watch was kept for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of this period, the Maharjah, attended by his grandson, and several of his sirdars, as well as General Ventura, Captain Wade, and myself, proceeded to disinter the fukeer. The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall; the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, the box containing the fukee; the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were pressed to his sides: and the legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cake of Atta was placed on the crown of his head; a plug was next removed from one of his nostrils, on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, that had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eyelids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter. The eye-balls presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognized the bystanders, addressing himself to the Maharjah, who was seated opposite to him watching all his movements. When the fukeer was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich chain of gold was placed round his neck by Runjeet himself; and ear-rings, banglee, shawls, &c. were presented to him. However extraordinary this feat may appear to both Europeans and natives it is impossible to explain it on physiological principles, and equally difficult to account for the means which the man employed in his successful imposition; for he not only denied his having tasted food or drink, but even maintained his having stopped the functions of respiration during the period of forty days and forty nights; resembling in this respect the child before birth. To all appearance, the long fast had not been productive of its usual effects, for the man seemed to be in rude health, so that digestion and assimilation had apparently proceeded in the usual manner, but this of course he likewise denied, and finally asserted that during the whole period he had been in a delightful trance. It is well known that the natives of Hindostan, by constant practice, will bring themselves to exist on almost no food for several days, and it is equally true, that by long training, they are able to retain the air in the lungs for some minutes, but how the two functions of digestion and respiration could be arrested for such a length of time, appears unaccountable. The concealment of the fukeer during the performance of this feat, so far from rendering it more wonderful, serves to hide the means he employed for accomplishing it; and until he can be persuaded to undergo the confinement in a place where he can be observed, it is needless to form any conjectures regarding them. It is well known to physiologists, that the heart beats, and the function of the lungs is performed, even after an animal's head has been cut off; but to suppose for an instant, that the functions of the body can be performed for any length of time without a fresh supply of arterial blood, which necessarily implies the action of respiration, unless in the case of the child in utero, is absurd; and though in cases of asphyxia from drowning and hanging, or the inhalation of hurtful gases, both circulation and respiration cease for a time, still there is a limit in this, beyond which life is extinct, and no power with which we are acquainted can recall it.

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

THE DOVE IN THE CANNON.

All the world has seen or heard of Landseer's picture of *Peace* in the last exhibition—a sheep peeping in the mouth of a cannon. A meeting held on Tuesday—of which a report will be found in another column—supplies a figurative, but most significant similitude to the prophetic fancy of the painter. On Tuesday, Peace—continual peace with all men—was preached in Birmingham! Peace, in a town that furnishes innumerable weapons of human destruction to any part, or all the world—if any part, or all the world pays cash for them. The doctrines of peace earnestly, eloquently, set forth in this huge armoury; and what is more, hailed with sympathizing cheers! Is not this—the dove building in the cannon?

Of course, the sentiments of the speakers will be hugely laughed at, or contemptuously treated as idle and utopian. The preachers of peace will be benevolently classed with harmless lunatics permitted to be at liberty: weak-witted creatures who, now and then, make to themselves straw hats and boots, and excite no other feeling save compassion in the bosom of the strong-minded men of the world; who think that the heart of nature herself would cease to beat unless now and then accompanied by the drum; and who look upon slaughtered thousands as, at intervals, the necessary manure of the earth; without which she would grow unprofitable, fruitless.—Worthy people, who conscientiously believe swords and pikes to be as natural, nay, at times as necessary to men, as teeth to tigers and claws to bears. But these lovers of gunpowder as the "sovereign remedy" for the "inward bruise" of a nation, will die off, will become out-numbered by a generation taught a truer creed. And it is to such men—to such sincere, untiring spirits as the speakers of Tuesday—that in good season the world will be indebted for the noblest of lessons; the lesson that shall teach her to choose between the laurel and the olive—the open hand, and the hand clenched for homicide.

Meanwhile, we heartily congratulate Birmingham upon *her* picture of—The Dove in the Cannon.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

From Smith's Irish Diamonds.

CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

Looking, then, at the populace of the three kingdoms, (or rather queendoms,) it may easily be perceived that there is a considerable difference amongst them with respect to temperament. The Irish are gay, ardent, and impetuous; the Scotch are comparatively cool, steady, and cautious; the English are, perhaps, a fair average between the two. I remember it was not inelegantly observed by a friend of mine, that an Englishman thinks and speaks; a Scotchman thinks twice before he speaks; and an Irishman speaks before he thinks. A lady present added, "A Scotchman thinks with his head: an Irishman with his heart." This allusion to impulse, operating more rapidly than deliberation, is akin to Miss Edgeworth's remark, that an Irishman may err with his head, never with his heart: the truth however, being, that he obeys his heart, not always waiting for the dictates of his head. Some years ago there was a caricature, very graphically portraying these grades of difference in the ardour of the three nations. An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were represented as looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop. "Oh!" exclaims Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending a half-crown with the dear craytur, that we may look at her convaniently, and have a bit of chat with her." "You extravagant dog!" says Mr. George, "I am sure one half he money will do quite as well. But let us go in by all means; she's a charming girl." "Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. Andrew; "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally weel just to ask the bonny lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling, and inquire where's Mr. Thompson's house, and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as weel save the siller." And there is the old story of the experiment made in London by two friends, who spoke to every labourer they met between St. Giles's and Holborn Hill, until they had found one belonging to each of the three countries; and to each, but separately, they put the question, "What would you take to stand on the top of the Monument all night with only your night-clothes on?" The Englishman, in a straight-forward way, replied at once, "Five pounds;" the Scotchman cautiously asked, "What will you tie?" and the Irishman, off-hand, exclaimed, "Sure, I'd be after taking a bad cowld."

THE WITCH'S SABBATH.—"On the effects of opiates, perfumes, and narcotic unguents, our author relates a number of curious facts. Among these is cited the case of a married couple, who, although every where else they lived in perfect harmony, could not, without coming to blows, remain a few hours in their ordinary work-room. The room got credit for being bewitched, until the cause of these daily quarrels (about which the unfortunate pair were seriously concerned) was discovered. A considerable quantity of seeds of henbane were found under the stove, and with the removal of the substance which emitted this unfortunate odour, all tendency to quarrel vanished.

"The witches of the middle ages rubbed themselves with a certain pommade, as a preparation for the aerial flight which brought them to their infernal Sabbath. There can be little doubt that this unguent contained soporific drugs, and that the journey through the air, and all the fantastic details of the unhallowed assembly, had their existence solely in the dreams produced by the influence of these medicaments. Supposing that those convocations of sorcerers had ever been really held, it is almost incredible that they should not sometimes have been surprised by the ministers of justice, at a period when to hunt out witches, was almost the only business of the guardians of the laws: yet in no one instance did any such thing take place—a strong ground of suspicion that the meetings were but imaginary. Cardanus informs us that aconite produces the sensation of flying; and Gassendi made the actual experiment of anointing some peasants with an ointment containing opium, after he had first made them believe that it was a true magical salve, which would insure their being transported to the Sabbath. The effect was just that on which he had calculated; they slept, and on awaking, they gave a detailed account of all they had seen at the Sabbath, and the pleasures they had enjoyed; in the particulars of which, and the mention of voluptuous sensations, we may trace the action of opium."

WHY IS THERE SO MUCH DISEASE AMONG US?—Because, in numbers of things, we do just what by our nature we were never intended to do. For example: 1st. Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their houses, and the working people in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself. 2d. Man ought to breathe pure air every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad that the vapours and foul gases rise, and we breathe them. 3d. Man was intended to take exercise in the open air every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his liver, his skin, his lungs, his kidneys, nor his brain, will act rightly without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walk; or only a very short one, which is scarcely of any use. 4th. Man is formed to take simple, plain, wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good, but do him harm, and he drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach, and take away the proper use of his brain. 5th. Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin, else they get stopped up; he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe. The majority of people only wash their hands and faces every day. 6th. Man should wear clean clothes next to his skin, because the body gives off bad fluids. At present many people wear the same things day after day for weeks together. 7th. Man was intended to live in the light. Many, very many, have scarcely any light in their rooms. 8th. Man in this climate must wear warm cloathing. Many have no flannel, and are clad with heavy and useless things.—*Report of the Metropolitan Working Classes' Association.*

SCIENTIFIC CONCOCTION OF A "WELSH RABBIT."—If we provide ourselves with about a selibra or half pound of the cheese entitulated *duplex Gloucestrius*, or double Gloucester, and then go on to cut the intrinsic caseous matter into tenuous segments or *laminæ*, and positing such segments within the coquinary commodity distinguished by culinarians as the *furnus Batavæ*, or Dutch oven, submit the same to the fire, until, by the action of the caloric, they become mollified unto semiliquidity, whereupon, if we diffuse the caseous fluid on an offula of bread, the superfices whereof hath been previously torrified, and then season the same with a slight aspersion of the sinapine, piperine, and saline condiments, or with mustard, pepper, and salt, we shall find that the sapor and fragor thereof differ in no wise from the gust and odor of the edible we had præ-attained from the Covent-Garden cœnatorium, and, consequently, that the Welsh Rabbit, is not as the vulgar pseudodox conceiteth, a species of cuniculus vernacular to Wales, but, as was before predicated, simply a savoury and redolent sertamentum, or rarebit, which is much existimated by the *Cymri*, or Welsh people, who, from time prætermemorial, have been cognized as a philocaseous or cheese-loving nation.—*Comic Almanac.*

AN ARCHBISHOP'S DISTRIBUTION OF ALMS.—Your readers may remember that some months ago a tremendous hurricane caused enormous damage to persons and property in the neighbourhood of Rouen. A vast sum of money was raised for the relief of the sufferers. Part of the amount thus obtained was placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Rouen for distribution. The excellent Archbishop gives a small portion of the sum to the sufferers actually living; but thinking that the *dead* are entitled to their part, he has placed the rest in the hands of the clergy to say masses for the repose of their souls!—*Correspondent of the Edinburgh Register.*

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—It has been calculated that a single penny put out at five per cent. compound interest, at the birth of our Saviour, would have produced in the year 1806, £290,991,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 sterling, which would make a bulk of solid gold of 110 million times the magnitude of the whole earth; whilst at simple interest, the same space of time would only have produced seven shillings and sixpence.

"TRY."—There was once upon a time a good little dwarf named Try, who was so powerful that he overcame everything he attempted; and yet he was so small and ill-favoured, that people laughed when they were told of his wondrous powers. But the tiny man was so kind at heart, and loved so much to serve his unfortunate and desponding brethren, that he would go and beg of those who knew him better, to intercede for him, so that he might be allowed to help them out of their troubles; and when once he had made them happy by his noble deeds, they no longer despised him or drove him from them with sneers, but loved him as their truest friend. Yet the only return this good dwarf sought for all his services was, that when they heard of any one who wanted a helping hand, they would say a good word in his favour, and recommend them to "TRY."—*The Good Genius that turned Everything into Gold.*

THE SEASON FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS.—A German gentleman at Oldenburg lately took great pains to ascertain how many boys and how many girls were born in each month of the year, within the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. According to his statement, the months of April, July, September, October, and December, yielded in each of these years a much greater number of boys than of girls, and the other seven months were by far more productive of girls. In my own family I find that out of fourteen ten actually made their appearance in those months stated to be favourable to their respective sexes, and four only are exceptions. Should the statement be correct, it would be interesting, though not practically useful, to hear, whether the medical profession can account for this strange difference.—*Examiner.*

WAR IMMORAL.—"ONE MURDER MAKES A VILLAIN, MILLIONS A HERO."—If a man steal a horse, morality requires his transportation for life, to herd amongst felons, and breathe the atmosphere of unmitigated vice; but if his avarice take a higher flight, and he steal a kingdom from its rightful owners, morality wreathes his brow with laurel, and royalty creates "him and his heirs forever" the possessors of noble blood! Vice is legally odious when associated with grovelling objects; but extremely dignified when the pursuit is sufficient to tempt the cupidity of thrones. If a man pilfer on his own account, let the immoral rogue be punished; but if on the account of his Government, let the patriot be praised! Smith and Jones, being private citizens, must obey the moral precept. "Thou shalt not covet;" but Ellenborough and Napier are public men, and therefore subject to no such law. The former are miserable smugglers and quacks; the latter are trained to the trade, and are licensed practitioners on a respectable scale!—*War Immoral, by the Rev. W. Leake, Dover.*

SMOKE NUISANCE IN LIVERPOOL.—After the 1st of January, the smoke from all the furnaces, steam engines, bakeries, and factories in Liverpool, must be consumed, or heavy penalties be paid by their proprietors. Notices to this effect have been sent out by the town-clerk, to all the owners or occupiers, whose premises or steam vessels will come under the operation of the act.

TOLERATION.—A curious instance of toleration took place in Dantzic on the 5th. Dr. Grabowski, the Lutheran pastor, at the baptism of his son, chose six godfathers from the different religious sects of that capital, viz. one Lutheran, one free Protestant, one Roman Catholic, one German Catholic, one Calvinist, and one Jew.—*Galignani.*

A SHINING AND A BURNING LIGHT.—You may point to our aristocracy, and tell us that it shines—we point to its effects, and complain that it also burns.—*Nonconformist.*

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